

## The Critic

Published Weekly. J. L. & J. B. Gilder, Editors. Office, No. 30 Lafayette Place, New York. Entered as Second-Class Mail-Matter at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y.

NEW YORK, MARCH 31, 1883.

AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY general agents. Single copies sold, and subscriptions taken, at Chas. Scribner's Sons, G. P. Putnam's Sons, E. P. Dutton & Co.'s, and Brentano's, and at the principal news-stands in the city. Boston: A. Williams & Co.'s Old Corner Book-store, and elsewhere. Philadelphia: Wanamaker's, and all the leading stands. Washington: A. Brentano & Co.'s, and B. Adams's. New Orleans: George F. Wharton, No. 5 Carondelet Street. London: American Exchange, 449 Strand, and B. F. Stevens, 4 Trafalgar Square. Paris: Galignani's, 224 Rue de Rivoli. Rome: Office of the *Nuova Antologia*. Auckland, New Zealand: W. B. Langbridge.

SUBSCRIPTION: \$3.50 a year, in advance; to teachers and clergymen, \$3. Bound volumes Vol. I, \$10 each; unbound, \$9; Vol. II., bound, \$5; unbound, \$4; cloth covers (with postage), 65 cts. Remittances should be made by post-office order, express-order, registered letter, or cheque. The publishers cannot assume responsibility for currency enclosed in unregistered letters.

Subscribers whose subscriptions have expired are requested to renew at once.

### Washington Irving.

THE man who got himself born into this then straggling world of America, a hundred years ago on the third of April this year, and who had the thing pleasantly done in William Street, in the city of New York, where the concomitants of such an initiation into existence would not to-day be pleasant, was a fortunate man from his cradle. He was fortunate even anterior to the cradle period; for his father was from the Orkneys, of good Scotch blood, and his mother from Cornwall, the opposite end of England,—having in her disposition the spiritual essence of a country curacy. All the winds of England blew favorably upon the parents when, two years after their marriage, they turned their faces toward America; and the slow-going, sunny airs at the mouth of the Hudson wafted them into the best quarter of the new country. Having been thus happily introduced, the lad, who was destined to be as sunny in his influence on the young nation as the nation was on him, had good schools up to his sixteenth year, a good, but strict, Presbyterian training,—which led him to think that 'somehow everything that was pleasant was wicked,'—and excellent companions in the juvenile Knickerbockers of the period, who disturbed the brass-knockers around the Battery at night-fall. He was not sent to Columbia College, as he should have been for the honor of the college, but was given a taste of the study of medicine, which disagreed with his constitution, and a deeper taste of law, which led him hardly farther than an arm-chair in a law-office. From sixteen to nineteen, he led a rather desultory life, wandering sometimes with his gun up the river, and waking the echoes of Sleepy Hollow with this harmless weapon, and perhaps also with a pair of lungs which were not thought to promise a long life. In the opening year of the century he made his first 'voyage' up the Hudson—a solemn thing to begin, and an impressive one to continue; for one could hear the howling of wolves at night among the Highlands, at what were then drinking-places for these lonesome animals, but are now watering-places for less lonesome woodland nymphs. At Albany, too, there were solemn dangers to encounter, but chiefly from the goodly larders of the Dutch matrons and the lively glances of Dutch maidens;

for Albany then was famous for both these excellent risks, and the journey brought its full share of both to Washington Irving, who was a handsome fellow and winning in the eyes of both sexes and all ages. Much of the glory of the Hudson River in literature dates from this early trip. But Irving and Paulding—whose writings are also redolent of the fine atmosphere and gummy hemlocks of the river scenery—were afterward frequently on its banks and often entertained in the best of the old-fashioned, roomy mansions there. Being back, however, in New York, pursuing again his law studies, and touching the columns of *The Morning Chronicle* with the bright humor of his first days, he still had the best company, and absorbed the best life of those genial, frolicsome Manhattanese who never tired of polishing their manners according to the fashions of an earlier day, introduced by the handsome red-coated British officers and the courtly French cadets, and of sweetening their hearts in the far better manner of the old Dutch burghers.

In 1804, coming of age, and still being unpromising of constitution, he went abroad, landed, after several oceanic weeks, at Bordeaux, and travelled through the south of France, dancing his way into the good graces of a lively people, and taking both a cheerful heart and a felicitous manner into Sicily and Italy, and so back to Paris and London, and home again in 1806. This trip was a happy one for his health and for the development of his mind. It made him acquainted with the best men wherever he travelled, gave him the hand of Washington Allston at Rome, and the benignant countenance of Torlonia, the banker—a sight of Humboldt and Madame de Staël; and as much of John Kemble, Cook, and Mrs. Siddons—then famous on the stage in London—as an enthusiastic young man could get. He had sight also of Nelson's fleet, as it sailed splendidly through the straits of Messina.

In the autumn of 1806 he was admitted to the bar in New York, but practised mainly in *Salmagundi*, which, opening in January, 1807, and closing with its 20th number at the end of that year, took the town by storm. The metropolis was rolling in humor in those days. It had a hearty Dutch laugh for everything facetious—then, and later, when Halleck and Drake captivated the good people in the 'Croaker' papers. Nowadays it is almost too large to laugh all over at once. The hugest merriment came, however, with Diedrich Knickerbocker's 'History of New York.' That was the best laugh of the century, and if any one can read the book to-day without bursting a button, he is not worth considering. It tickled the very midriff of the country, from Maine to Georgia, and years afterward the echoes of the thing were still running up and down England and France. It was too funny, some of the good dames of Albany thought; and they were a long time in forgiving the author. A touch of the pathetic came over Irving's rollicking humor in 1808, on the death of Miss Matilda Hoffman to whom he would soon have been married, had she lived. There never was a sweeter combination than these two qualities, pathos and humor, as they got themselves gradually grafted upon his broad nature. Irving had not yet given himself up to literature, but went to Liverpool and struggled—he and his brother Peter—with a failing business, for three years (1815–18), until the 'failing' was spelled 'failed'; and the succeeding years launched him, through the 'Sketch-Book,' upon that career which was for so long a time the chief literary glory of America. It can hardly be understood at

this day how hungry we were in the early quarter of the century for European recognition in the field of letters and art, and what a lift Irving and Cooper and two or three artists gave us in that direction.

The absence of Irving from his native country lasted, off and on, for seventeen years—more than enough to wean our travelling countrymen of to-day from home. But, in Irving's case, there was not a sour drop ever came into his feeling for America. He absorbed what he could of the goodness and graciousness of Europe, and gave it without stint to his home in the West. At the same time he more than paid back, in the glowing gold of the New World, the rich endowment that came to him from the Old. America was so small then that her sons abroad, like our rural friends from Boston, felt bound to make the most of her virtues. Too often they got over-warm in her defence; but there was a quality of loyalty in this warmth which was always praiseworthy. Washington Irving was more than loyal to his home, and he was large enough at the same time to be generous to England, and not unwilling to widen the outlook in the rural parishes of the dear old grandmother land, whose hedgerows sometimes prevented as they do even now, a cousinly view of their far-away relatives.

The 'Sketch-Book,'—published at first in America, but a year later declined by Murray in England, and printed by Miller, over the head of Constable,—got at last into the hands of Murray, and gave Irving a solid footing abroad for his literary life, and the publisher a handsome footing for his balance-sheet. Murray took care of himself, and Walter Scott took care of Irving in a generous way. 'Bracebridge Hall' was printed in 1822, and the 'Tales of a Traveller,' done mostly in Paris, came out in 1824. Irving, meanwhile, had given Murray a chance to publish Cooper's 'Spy,' which Murray, of course, had not improved. 'Columbus' appeared in 1828, and the three other Spanish books followed at brief intervals. Having had his seventeen years abroad, there were ten to be spent in America on the Hudson, and then the ministership in Spain, which country should honor his memory to-day for 'Columbus' and 'Granada,' as the Netherlands do that of Motley for his magnificent illustration of a critical period of their history. The rest of the life of Irving came within the present generation, and is familiar to all of us, who stood on tip-toe to get the first sight of the successive volumes of his 'Washington,' and who mourned, almost with a sense of personal loss, that stroke of heart-disease that took him off just as the Indian summer of 1859 had departed from the beautiful Highlands of the Hudson.

JAMES HERBERT MORSE.

### Irving's Power of Idealization.

It would cost me an effort not to say something in some shape or other were it only a word of grateful remembrance, on this most interesting occasion. We all owe a debt to the memory of Irving, but none feel it more deeply than those of us who belong to the generation that is passing away.

As children we were bred in a foreign literature. We read the stories of Miss Edgeworth, and Mrs. Opie, and Hannah More, and Mrs. Barbauld. If Romulus and Remus were suckled by a she-wolf, we children might as truly be said to have had the British lioness as our intellectual wet-nurse. What did we know of My Lord and My Lady, of thatched houses, of larks and nightin-

gales, of shepherds, of poachers, of China oranges, of barrings-out, and a hundred other things well known to every English boy? But where was the New England boy who did not know Ichabod Crane as soon as he saw him? Where was the American boy who did not feel when he first breathed the air of Irving's wholesome stories that this was the breath fresh from his own hills and valleys and forests?

The poet and the romancer give back more than they borrow from the scenes which lend them their inspiration. What was this broad stream that runs by your walls before it was peopled by the creative touch of your story-teller's imagination? It is no longer Hudson's river,—it is Irving's. The trumpet of Anthony Van Corlear still rings over the wide expanse of the Tappan Zee. The rolling balls of the old nine-pin-players are still heard by the voyager, thundering in the far-off Kaatskills. There is not a brook that tumbles into the river which does not babble the name of Irving, not a wave which does not murmur his remembrance. I walk your thronged thoroughfares, and all at once my fancy carries me back to the days and scenes of Irving's New Amsterdam. The pavement becomes a green turf; a few scattered houses show their gables here and there. One stands apart, more lordly than the rest. What is this sound I hear from the stoop that stretches along its side? It is a strange sound to be heard through all this tumult, but I must be half dreaming. Hark! Abrupt, intermittent, rhythmical, resonant, emphatic; it must be,—it is,—the wooden leg of brave, peppery, pugnacious, irrepressible old Peter Stuyvesant,—Hard-Koppig Piet,—the hard-headed, hot-hearted, one-legged but two-fisted Governor of this ancient Manhattan, already a flourishing settlement with burgameesters and schepens in place of aldermen and constables. Sagacious old Dutchmen, to fix on this tongue of land,—a tongue that laps up the cream of the commerce of a continent!

But how prosaic the great city of New York would look but for the pen of Diedrich Knickerbocker! Under its magic charm the Bowery itself is still fragrant with the flowers of its Arcadian summers. Blessed be the memory of the writer who helped to teach us that we have a country, and showed us that we were to have a literature of our own.

It was my privilege to have one brief glimpse of Washington Irving, in his own home at Sunnyside, to which I was driven from Yonkers by my friend, the late Mr. Cozzens, well remembered by the Sparrowgrass Papers. Mr. Irving was hardly well enough, I fear, to receive visitors, but he came down stairs, and greeted me kindly. I could not help recalling his own emotions, as he describes them on his first meeting the English historian, Roscoe. To the young American this not undistinguished author represented the imposing literature of England, the grandeur of an old-world celebrity. 'I drew back,' he says, 'with an involuntary feeling of veneration.' I confess to something of the same feeling when I first stood before Washington Irving. When one finds himself face to face with a writer of whom he has heard all his days, whose books he has laughed and cried over, whose ideal characters he knows better than he knows most of his own relations, whose personality he has shaped in his imagination as it should be to fit the fatherhood of his writings, it is a strange sensation that seizes on him thus confronted with his long unseen friend and benefactor. It was to me as if I were awakening from a life-long dream. I could hardly believe that this slight, delicate, gentle invalid was the same man



who wrote the rollicking chapters of Knickerbocker. It could not be that this was he whose stories I used to read by the light of the 'astral lamp' in the short evenings of boyhood when I went to bed with the lamb,—whose books I could never open without their bringing a smile to my lips or a tear to my eyes. I wanted a mental stereoscope to bring the figure before me and my ideal portrait of him into a single image. I came away knowing that I had seen him, but not believing it. A sweet, placid, benignant old man; a monument of himself with its inscription faint yet still legible. Not the less was I glad and grateful that I had enjoyed the privilege of that brief interview. The time will come to many among you when it will be enough to make a man an object of interested attention that he is able to say, 'I have seen Washington Irving.' A hundred years from now, and some of the words printed to-day may be exhumed from the church-yard of oblivion; and however the scholars and rhetoricians of the second centennial may smile at our poor attempts at expression, they will recognize in every word a true and heartfelt tribute to the memory of the pure, tender, playful, loving author, dear to both English worlds, but dearest to us as the day-star of our American Literature.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

### Irving's Humor.

Was it Thackeray who defined humor as wit and love? It was that same dreadful cynic who wrote at the end of his 'Book of Snobs' that 'fun is good, truth is better, but love is best of all.'

This is the touchstone of all humor that has lasted or will last a hundred years—sympathy with humanity. Humor that wants this is something ghastly, an empty and mocking laughter. It is the railing at weakness, the bitter contempt of shams, the Titanesque, grotesque, unsympathetic merriment heard out of Olympus where Carlyle sits and hoots at his insignificant fellow-mortals. We laugh, and shrink from it, and speedily get enough of it. Not so with the humor of Cervantes, whose people we laugh at, but love the more we laugh at them.

Perhaps THE CRITIC can prove in its centennial estimate of Washington Irving, that he was not a great man, and that he owed to primacy in our letters, rather than to genius, his conspicuous position. But a writer does not hold his place in literature for nearly a century by any accident of being first in a provincial field; nor does he hold it merely by style, which is more or less the fashion of a time. Whatever the quality of his genius or the measure of his capacity may be, Irving is personally beloved as few other writers of this century are. But the amiable and lovely traits of an author will not hand him down in affectionate remembrance much past his own generation unless there is something in his writings that the world loves as well. And I am inclined to think that the world, bad as it likes to describe itself, parts as reluctantly, when it is compelled to throw aside the accumulating literary baggage which the ages impose upon it, from the pages warm with human sympathy as from those glowing with intellectual brilliance. Irving held the attitude of a dispassionate observer, never exhibiting undue heat over the wrongs and sufferings of life, and never taking an active part in the conflicts of his time. It might seem probable therefore that the world would pay back indifference with indifference. But we must not misjudge this seeming indifference; for while Irving was neither

a fighter nor a reformer, no writer of his time had a warmer sympathy with humanity than he. Without this his humor would have been comparatively barren, much of it mere whimsical and heartless exaggeration. He was born with the gift of seeing the humorous and even the ridiculous side of life, but he was born also with the greater gift, not only to make us see the ludicrous in human action, but to make us love the very actors who amuse us. This, it seems to me, is the characteristic of Irving's humor, as nearly as it can be analyzed in the few paragraphs to which I am limited. It has other characteristics to be sure. One is its purity; another the verbal felicity with which it is presented; and another is a certain irresponsible whimsicality, and the delicate American trick of restraint and understatement. But that which will carry it on through all literary fashions is its exquisite deference to humanity.

A sober and just eulogy of the early settlers of New York would never have conferred upon them the immortality which they enjoy in the 'Knickerbocker,' nor embalmed them in such affectionate remembrance as we all hold them in. People are not proud to claim kinship with ancestors who are merely ridiculous, nor would it now be considered an honor to descend from Irving's heroes, if his genius had not thrown about his amusing portraiture of them an atmosphere of fond regard—if we did not see in them certain qualities of human nature that touch our hearts. The humor that depicted them was poetic as well as playful, and they exist for us in that Indian-summer haze of content and comfortable innocence which fortunately hides the faults of all the dear departed out of this life.

CHAS. DUDLEY WARNER.

### Irving's "Knickerbocker."

In Irving and Hawthorne, New York and New England have produced the chief creative, imaginative forces in our literature, and in their magic mirrors the spirit of the Roundhead and of the Cavalier reappear. Hawthorne's sombre genius shed a lurid gleam of fascination over the older New England life and revealed the wild play of passion in a grim and arid Puritan society. Irving was the embodiment of the cosmopolitan character of New York as distinguished from New England, gay, lightsome, smiling; with good-humored Dutch content. From the native melancholy of his Scotch descent John Knox had dropped out and Rizzio had stolen in. The sadness was softened into a blended strain of pensive refinement and droll fancy. A wholesome sweetness and temperate vigor of nature, a gentle optimism and sparkling fun, an amusing sentiment in which the changing aspects of life were mirrored, like the hills and clouds in an autumn calm upon his Hudson, mingled in a genius which cherished the poetry of the old traditions of the Motherland; and gladly rode the hobby horse, and kissed under the mistletoe, and, with frolic tenderness and a sweeter spirit, raised again the Maypole which had been discredited at Merrymount.

This was the spirit which first broke the primeval literary silence of our Colonial life and began our literature. Its earliest sign was *Salmagundi*, an echo of *The Tatler* and the *The Spectator*, indeed, and a mere sheaf of small sketches, but significant of a purely literary taste and talent which were new and strange in the young country. It was a *jeu d'esprit* of the kind which is produced in old civilizations. It smacks of club life, and the lounging leisure of capital cities, and of a highly organized society. It is the young bird trying its wings

from the parent nest. The same fanciful humor which was presently to paint with indelible grotesqueness the earliest life of the city, was the first to smile at the evanescent fashion of the society of its own time. Of that society Irving, with his friend Brevoort and the Kembles, and a few more whose names are traditionally familiar in the social annals of New York, were the ornaments. Its innocent merriment and gay banter still live in the letters of the clever young man about town, and fresh from these bright letters, the reader of to-day gazes bewildered upon the roaring Babylon and vainly tries to associate with it the pleasant little town that Irving knew. He was the smiling Cato of this pretty realm and gently lashed its mild fashion, divided in allegiance between Mrs. Toole and Madame Boucard, with his soft unknotted knout.

The nascent genius, to which American literature was to owe its beginning was content with its own little neighborhood. Its purpose was pleasant amusement like that of Shakspeare in writing 'As You Like It.' Our literature came in at a most unsuspected door; not through the long generations of solemn clerical graduates, but by the whim of a light-hearted youth amusing his idle hours. Knickerbocker's History was originally designed as a mere squib. But like the Indian in the tradition who caught at a sapling in his flight and pulling it up, uncovered the mines of Potosi, the young Irving, burlesquing a work of the moment long since forgotten, began a distinctive American literature. Not the least of the humors of the humorous work is that it created the historic New Amsterdam. If a lie runs a league while Truth is putting on her boots, this book is a jest which the gravity of history can never overtake. Irving is the inventor of the Knickerbocker life. The Dutch tradition is what he has made it. The popular and universal conception of the Dutch settlers, and of old New York, spring from his tireless and affluent humor. The name of Knickerbocker is that of a worthy and quiet old Dutch family, but Irving's figure of Diedrich Knickerbocker is the accepted type of the primeval New York. Perpetuated in scores of forms, and applied in a hundred ways, the name is the enduring memorial of the author, and those who recall his own quaint figure in the little Talma cloak, with the springing step and cheery twinkle of the eye as he passed along Broadway, seem to have seen the very genius of the old city and of the hearty life that he imagined.

But it is not only the spell of his blithe humor that has immortalized New York. The magic of his imagination, no less delicate and tender than droll, turns into poetry our familiar prose. Scott is not more identified with Scotland than Irving with the Hudson. He has touched it with an imperishable charm and he rules the river as well as the city by the divinest right. On a still June morning the loiterer upon the ferry-boat from Staten Island looks with a smile toward the drowsy shore of Communipaw haply to catch a glimpse of the hardy voyagers launching bravely away for Hellgate and the Boiling Pot and the Hen and Chickens. The traveller hastening by rail to Albany strains his eyes beyond the vanishing gable of Sunnyside and, forgetting the political Brom Bones of to-day, listens for the tramp of the Headless Horseman, and looks wistfully for the flying Ichabod and the comely Katrina. As he winds and darts among the Highlands he hears far away the softened blast of Anthony's nose, and, while the clouds gather and the river smooths itself to an oily calm, his ear catches the long roll of the distant game

among the Catskill Mountains and he knows that Rip Van Winkle is tasting the ancient Hollands of the mysterious players at whom he gazes. The humane genius, the gentle and kindly fancy of Irving, have thrown upon the city and its neighborhood, upon the winding channels of the river, its meadows, and villages, and airy uplands, a soft radiance of romance, that glamor familiar in the lands of older civilization but unknown elsewhere upon this Continent; and it is doubtful which has given the stream and valley of the Hudson their most picturesque renown,—the voyage of the discoverer, or the story of the revolution, or the genius of Irving.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

### Irving's "Sketch-Book."

THE letter which called upon me to contribute a few words to this little garland in praise of Washington Irving, closed with a suggestion that I should confine what I had to say to an examination of the 'Sketch-Book.' This limitation was encouraging to me, not merely because it is always more agreeable to a leisured spirit to survey a province than a continent, but also because this particular book is in some respects the most interesting that its author has left us. It is in the 'Sketch-Book' that Irving first appeals to us as a torch-bearer in the great procession of English prose-writers. In 'Knickerbocker' he had been dancing or skipping in the lightness of his heart to a delicious measure of his own; in *Salmagundi* he had waked up to a sense of literary responsibility, without quite knowing in what direction his new-found sense of style would lead him. In the 'Sketch-Book' he is a finished and classic writer, bowing to the great tradition of English prose, and knowing precisely what it is that he would do, and how to do it. He sustains this easy mastery of manner through his next book, 'Bracebridge Hall,' and then, if he wrote no less well in future, the voice at least had become familiar, and the peculiar wonder and delight with which his age received him faded into a common pleasure. The 'Sketch-Book' and 'Bracebridge Hall,' then, remain the bright original stars in this gracious constellation.

The passage of a hundred years clears away the mists that perplex contemporary criticism. We can now see clearly the relative importance of the figures which moved in the Georgian era. Sir John Carr no longer seems a more agreeable companion than Sterne, and the once-famous book called 'Lacon' lies dusty upon the shelves of a few elderly people. On the other hand, four names stand out more and more brightly as the representative essayists of the Regency,—Hazlitt, Irving, Lamb and Hunt. We range them by the order of their coming, not by their merit; on these transcendent heights there is no first nor last. They rose almost simultaneously out of the ruins of the old school of essayists, the Mackenzies and Cumberlands who had worn the laced coat of Addison threadbare. As is usual in the reform of any branch of literature in any age, the secret of novelty was revealed to them all at once. The prestige of Hazlitt might be supposed to have impressed the study of XVIIth century prose and verse on his friends Lamb and Hunt, although this does not seem to have been the case, if we had not the example of Irving, whom we find applying himself to exactly the same sources in his American solitude. It scarcely occurs to the modern reader, perhaps, that the text of the chapters in the 'Sketch-Book,' taken as they are from writers such as Lyly, Churchyard, Herrick, and Middleton, were in the highest degree unusual in 1820,



though almost commonplace in 1830. They showed Irving's instinctive adherence to the new romantic principles which had begun to spread over every country of Europe from Germany. He is, indeed, more distinctly romantic than either of the other three essayists. He is more susceptible than they to picturesque, as distinguished from literary, antiquity. Neither Lamb nor Hunt would have been able to sustain the high romantic pitch of the noble essay on 'Westminster Abbey'; they would have stolen round to Poet's Corner, or have loitered among the modern busts. In this Irving was more closely related to Sir Walter Scott than they, and when we consider the fascination which the Waverley novels must have exercised over the imagination of this fervid and pensive young man, we may be surprised to find so little trace of Scott's direct influence upon the 'Sketch-Book.'

If the mark of any modern writer is to be found on the early style of Washington Irving, it appears to me to be rather that of Cobbett than of any other. I do not know whether there is any record of such influence in the Life or Letters of Irving, but it is certainly to be traced in his style. The author of 'The Political Register' was not always foaming with malevolence, and when he was engaged in describing English scenery, his periods have sometimes the very ring of the 'Sketch-Book.' It is partly to Cobbett that Irving owes the one blemish of his style,—a determination to be arch and rustic at all hazards, and old-fashioned when the fashion was a bad one. If it were possible to be irritated with so suave and sympathetic a companion, it would be when he lavishes his sentiment on 'the elegant and interesting young female.' In such essays as 'The Wife' and 'The Pride of the Village' a whole half-century seems to divide us, not merely from De Quincey, but from Irving himself when he attains the true modern note in that master piece of refined humor, 'The Boar's Head Tavern.' In truth, there have been few writers of Irving's eminence who have been so little anxious for a novel delivery. The affectation of strangeness is absolutely foreign to him, and he is never so happy as when he is setting the old themes to new tunes upon his pastoral pipe. And, as an example of his simplicity, when he is trying, in 'Westminster Abbey,' to repeat in a new form the reflections of Sir Thomas Browne, he is artless enough to quote twice from the 'Urn Burial' itself.

The world has chosen to express a preference for the chapters on Christmas over all the rest of the 'Sketch-Book,' and in England, at all events, these consecutive passages are often separated from the rest, and published singly. In this form they were made the vehicle for Mr. Randolph Caldecott's earliest illustrations, and thus ushered to the public a favorite artist whose temper of mind is singularly akin to that of Irving himself. It is true that on this larger canvas the author paints a broader scene than the original plan of his book allowed him. But we must not refine too much. The 'Sketch-Book' is not before us for review; it has taken its place in literature, and there is hardly a page in it which does not appeal to us with the salutary lesson that 'there was a noble way, in former times, of saying things simply, and yet saying them proudly.'

EDMUND W. GOSSE.

#### Irving the Historian.

PROBABLY most readers—even many of those with whom reading has ceased to be the careless gratifica-

tion of a hungry mind, and has become the toilsome necessity of a literary occupation—would not, at first thought, regard Irving as eminent as an historian among those of the time called, so often, and without much reflection, the first period of American Literature. Bancroft, and Prescott, and, though rather as editor than author, Sparks, and then, a little later though following closely, Hildreth, are instantly recalled as names not likely to be forgotten as illuminating the first half of this century with historical scholarship. But should Irving be suggested as entitled to take rank among the earlier harvesters in fields now almost black with gleaners, his name would too often recall, with a mental note of interrogation, Diedrich Knickerbocker's 'History of New York, from the Beginning of the World to the End of the Dutch Dynasty'; and also, perhaps, 'The Chronicle of the Conquest of Grenada, from the MSS. of Fray Antonio Azapida.' On second thought, one might be candid enough to reflect that the first of these works, though a rollicking and roystering fiction, covered up a good deal of veritable history; and that the other was actually veritable history, though so rich in romantic interest and so vivid in color that the author did not venture to put it before an unimaginative reader without giving him the chance of accepting it, should it so please him, as mere fiction, hardly visible anywhere except in the suggestion of the title-page. With this second thought would surely come the remembrance of 'The Life and Voyages of Columbus, and Those of his Followers,' and then 'The Life of Washington,' which Irving himself looked upon as 'the crowning effort of his literary career.'

It was related, not long ago, in one of those ingenious 'personals' which the newspapers gather as valuable contributions to biography, to current history, and to literature, that when Mr. Webster was Secretary of State, certain gentlemen from New York asked as a personal favor, that he would appoint Irving as Chargé at Madrid. He was, without doubt, eminently fit to discharge the duties of that office, but it was not on that score that the appointment was asked for him. He was, it was urged, at work on a Life of Columbus and as he wished to pursue his researches in Spain, his friends suggested that this office should be given him—given him, that is, for a private purpose. 'Why not,' said Mr. Webster, to the great gratification of Mr. Irving's friends, 'send him out as Minister?'

It is quite true that when Mr. Webster was Secretary of State in 1842, Mr. Irving was sent as Minister to Spain; and it is not at all improbable that some of Mr. Irving's friends—unknown to him—asked that he be appointed Chargé, and that the Secretary, of his own motion, bettered the request by the higher appointment. Whether Mr. Webster was capable of spending \$15,000 a year of the public money to enable anybody to engage in studies, however interesting to himself and important to literature; or whether Mr. Irving was capable of accepting a public office with such an avowed purpose, are questions that need not be discussed here. But as neither of them did either the one thing or the other, it is a point in evidence that it is not Mr. Irving's historical labors about which the most is known, or which have added most to his literary fame. For the newspaper men did not know, and if anybody else remembered, none thought it worth while to remind them, that this little incident in the history of the civil service could not possibly be true, inasmuch as Irving's researches in Spain for *The Life of Columbus* were made in 1826-27, and the work was published in 1828, four-

teen years before Mr. Webster sent him as Minister to that Court.

It is, nevertheless, true, that in whatever estimation Mr. Irving may be generally held as an historian, his proper rank is among the first of American historical scholars, however much it may be overshadowed by his brilliant reputation as an essayist who held the mirror up to nature, and showed the times its own form and features. Had he been born fifty years later the world might have gained a novelist; but it may be questioned whether, if it had lost the historian, its loss would not have been greater than its gain. One of our generation, who should run over a catalogue—Duyckink's volumes, for instance—of the literary celebrities of forty and fifty years ago, would marvel that there are so many who to him are only dimly-remembered names; so many more in whose names even there is no familiar sound; so few whose fame grows greater or holds its own. In that host, chief of these last, surely, is Irving. And if his lighter works shall be read till phonetic spelling shall make the written English of to-day a dead language, his histories, even then, will probably be thought worth preserving in translations. It is not likely that any very essential facts in the life of Columbus remain to be discovered. It may be that Captain Fox is right and Irving wrong about the true Guanahani, but the mass of readers do not so much care whether it was Cat Island or Samana; and Mr. Major, or some other indefatigable scholar, may yet find letters of the great navigator which escaped the diligence or the opportunities of Navarrete; but Irving had access to everything so far known, and made, let us say at least, as good and as faithful use of that material as anybody else has ever done; and nobody since Irving has said anything new about Columbus, or has said anything old that he might not have got out of Irving, or has said anything at all so well as he.

Not less emphatically might all this be said of the 'Washington,' so far as any parallel can be drawn between the two works. They are not easy of comparison, however, for while the 'Columbus' called for the unwearied diligence and patience of the scholar in researches in ancient libraries and archives; in the 'Washington,' Mr. Irving wrote of events which distance had not yet veiled in obscurity and doubt. He was a lad of sixteen years when Washington died, and though he was an old man before the Life was written, the project was conceived in his earlier years; and when he wrote, it was of the yesterday of his own to-day. He belonged enough to the last quarter of the last century to feel himself, in a sense, contemporary with the men and the events of that time, at least so far as to have grown almost to manhood under their personal influence. But not till old age had cooled the fervor and softened the prejudices of early years; not till a long life of authorship had fitted him for his last work, did he venture to enter upon that which he knew would be his last labor. As a biographer he was peculiarly happy. There, all those qualities, which had been so sharpened and polished in his volumes of lighter literature, have full play; and in none of the many Lives of Washington is there any picture of the individual, so truthful, so instructive, and even so entertaining, as in that by Irving. Nor is this at the sacrifice of the patient, impartial, laborious temper, without which the historian need never hope to win either confidence or respect. The brilliant imagination, the wit, the humor, the love of the picturesque, the inclination to tender sentiment, which are so great a charm in his other writings, here play him no tricks,

and never run away with his judgment. One may say without much fear of contradiction, that he who seeks for a clear understanding of the character of the men, and the events, of the period when Washington was the central figure, will fail to gain it if he neglects Irving.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY.

### One of Irving's Old Cronies.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

One of Washington Irving's friends and neighbors was Captain Jacob Storm, who died a few days ago (March 12th) at Tarrytown, N. Y. Himself a character unique and antique, he enjoyed the constant friendship of Irving, who often came up from New York to Tarrytown on Captain Storm's sloop. A party of English tourists, of rather offensive cockney flavor, was once on board, with the fell purpose of invading Sunnyside and ogling Sleepy Hollow. The Captain and Irving sat in the stern chatting together during the run, and the tourists in yellow gaiters evidently took the man in slouch hat and plain coat to be an ordinary native. Meanwhile, the two cronies winked and chuckled at the overheard remarks of the party, who seemed especially anxious to see the Tarrytown lion whose lair was under Wolfert's Roost. No sooner did the sloop make fast to the dock, than Irving leaped ashore, and speedily disappeared. Pretending to have been utterly oblivious to their remarks, the skipper in a casual manner remarked, pointing to the retreating figure, 'There goes Washington Irving!' Immediately, there was a panorama of blank faces, wringing of hands, and expressions of profound disgust. 'Oh! oh! why didn't you tell us it was Irving? Why didn't you let us see him?' accompanied by some inward oburgations on the stupidity of the old salt, till Captain Storm, with imperturbable gravity, replied off-hand, 'Oh! HE wouldn't have cared to meet you.'

Captain Storm was an elder in the Dutch Reformed Church of Tarrytown, and one day, after consultation in the old churchyard with Irving, carried out the idea of organizing the Sleepy Hollow Cemetery in which the old church is so charmingly situated. In 'the beautiful cemetery on the banks of the Pocantico' Irving now sleeps, as does his old neighbor. While in Madrid, as American Minister, Irving wrote to Captain Storms to select for him the plot containing some noble trees which still cast their loving shade over his (Irving's) grave. When I last saw the simple white marble marked 'Washington Irving,' it was badly hacked by the Vandals, and was the second one erected. The first slab had been utterly ruined by relic-hunting thieves.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y., March 26, 1883. W. E. G.

### An Unpublished Letter of Irving.

[THE following letter was addressed by Washington Irving to the young men of The Irving Association of Cambridge, Mass.:]

SUNNYSIDE, Dec. 27th, 1857.

GENTLEMEN: I cannot but feel deeply sensible of the honor done me by your Association in adopting my name as a designation, and in electing me an honorary member. The value of all societies of the kind as a means of intellectual advancement is too well known, and has too often been publicly discussed and illustrated, to need any demonstration at my hands.

Your request for a motto has somewhat perplexed me, not being very apt in matters of the kind. Perhaps



as you have chosen the name of *Irving* for your designation, you may think it apposite to take with it the motto of its armorial bearings, '*sub sole sub umbra vivens*,' given to the family by Robert the Bruce for its fidelity in adhering to him in time of his adversities. Very respectfully, gentlemen, your obliged and humble servant,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

### A Bibliography of Irving.

THE appended enumeration of the works of Washington Irving is not intended as a complete or authoritative list. Few American authors have written as much, and none have been so widely translated or extensively pirated. It is, perhaps, possible to name the American editions, but of those in foreign languages no materials are easily accessible. We know in general terms that over half of his works were translated into Spanish, many into Italian, some into Dutch, Portuguese, Danish, and Swedish, and (probably) into some of the Slavonic dialects. None of our libraries, however, except one, possesses a large number of works in any modern tongues except German and French, and the compiler has been unable to verify his titles upon the books themselves. Several works that he never wrote have been attributed to Irving by booksellers who wished to get the powerful support of his name.

Salmagundi, by James K. Paulding, Washington Irving, and William Irving. Serial, 20 numbers. New York, Longworth, 1807-1808; New York, 1814; with a preface and notes by E. A. Duyckinck, New York, 1860.

— London, Tegg, 1823; Paris, Galignani and Baudry, 1824; London, Routledge; Bohn.

History of New York. By Diedrich Knickerbocker. New York, Inskeep & Bradford, 1809.

— Omits dedication to New York Historical Society. New York, Inskeep & Bradford, 1812; Philadelphia, Carey, Lea & Carey, 1828; revised and with apology. New York, Putnam, 1848; illustrated by Darley, about 1855.

— London, Murray, 1820; Tegg; W. Smith, 1845; Routledge; Bohn.

— from the Beginning of the World till the End of the Dutch Dynasty. Paris, Galignani, 1824; Sautelet, 1827.

Die Handschrift Diedrich Knickerbockers d. Jüngern. Leipzig, Rein.

— Notices of, in Monthly Anthology, 1810; Verplanck's Discourse partly concerning, before New York Historical Society, 1818; Blackwood's Magazine, 1820; Monthly Review, 1820.

Biographical Sketch of Campbell, the poet. Philadelphia, 1810.

Analectic Magazine. Edited by Irving. Philadelphia, Thomas, 1813 and 1814; contains by Irving Review of the Works of Robert Treat Paine; Review of Poems by Edwin C. Holland; Notice of Paulding's Lay of the Last Fiddle; Notice of Lord Byron; Traits of Indian Character, afterward in Sketch Book; Philip of Pokanoket, afterward in Sketch Book; Biography of Captain James Lawrence; Biography of Captain William Burrows; Biography of Commodore Oliver Perry; Biography of Captain David Porter; Biographical Sketch of Thomas Campbell (not the same as that of 1810).

Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent. New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, Van Winkle, 1810-1820. In seven parts. Philadelphia, Carey, Lea & Carey, 1828; with illustrations by F. O. C. Darley and others. Philadelphia, Childs & Peterson, about 1855.

— Partly republished in London Literary Gazette, 1819; first four numbers, Miller, 1820; complete, Murray, 1820; Routledge, 1867; Tegg; Bohn; illustrated, Murray; Bell & Daldy, 1864; illustrated, 1869.

— Paris, Baudry & Didot, 1823; Baudry, 1834; Lyons, Cormon & Blanc, 1834; Paris, Baudry, 1836; Galignani, 1846; Baudry, 1846; Leipzig, Fr. Fleischer; in Tauchnitz's Collection of British Authors, 1845.

Gottfried Crayon's Skizzenbuch. Aus d. Englisch von S. H. Spiker. Dresden, Arnold. Mit einer Einleitung über Irving's Leben. Von G. A. Toel. Lüneberg, Herold & Wahlstat.

La Livre d'Esquisses; traduit par Th. Lefebvre. Paris, Poulet-Malassis, 1862.

— Notices of, in North American Review, 1819; Edinburgh Review, 1820; Monthly Review, 1820; Edinburgh Monthly Review, 1821; Quarterly Review, 1821; London Magazine, 1824; Westminster Review, 1824; Westminster Review, 1825; Southern Literary Messenger, 1835; Southern Literary Journal, 1835.

Bracebridge Hall. Philadelphia, Thomas, 1822; Carey, Lee & Blanchard, 1828; with illustrations by F. O. C. Darley. Childs & Peterson, about 1855.

— London, Murray, 1822; two editions, Bohn; Murray, 1850.

— Paris, Didot, 1823; Baudry, 1834.

Le Chateau de Bracebridge, traduit par J. Cohen. Paris, Hubert, 1823.

Les Humoristes, on le Château de Bracebridge. Traduit par Gustave Grandpré. Paris, Corbet, 1826.

Bracebridge Hall, mit erklärenden Anmerkungen, von G. A. Toel. Lüneberg, Herold & Wahlstat.

— oder die Charaktere. Aus dem Englisch. Von S. Spitzer. Berlin, Duncker.

— übersetzt von Henriette Schubert.

Notices of, in Edinburgh Review, 1822; North American, 1822; Blackwood, 1822; Colburn, 1822; London Magazine, 1822; Dennie's Portfolio, 1820; Museum of Foreign Literature, 1823; Eclectic Review, 1823.

Tales of a Traveller. New York, 1824; Philadelphia, Carey, Lea & Carey, 1828; with illustrations by F. O. C. Darley and others. Philadelphia, Childs & Peterson.

— London, Murray, 1824; Bohn; illustrated, Murray; Bell & Daldy, 1868.

— Paris, Baudry, 1834, in 18mo; same publisher, in 1846, in 8vo; mit Anmerkungen, von G. A. Toel.

Erzählungen. Aus dem Englisch., von S. H. Spiker. Dresden, Arnold.

— eines Reisenden, übersetzt von S. H. Spiker. Berlin, Duncker.

### On Irving's Life of Columbus.

THIS book hath kinship with the epic old,  
That sings of Ithacus, the searcher bold:  
The Homer touch—the purple light is here,  
That makes men heroes, heroes, gods appear!

EDITH M. THOMAS.

Contes d'un Voyageur. Traduit par Mme. Adèle Beaugard. Paris, Lecoq & Durey; Hubert, 1825; the same, traduit par Lebegue d'Auteuil. Paris, Boullard, 1825; the same, under the title, Histoires d'un Voyageur. Paris, Carpentier-Mericourt, 1825.

Notices of, in Blackwood, 1824; Westminster Review, 1824; Quarterly, 1825; United States Literary Gazette, 1825; Museum of Foreign Literature, 1824.

Life of Columbus. New York, Carvills, 1828; abridged, 1829; New York, 1870.

— London, Murray, 1828; abridged, 1829; Tegg, 1847; Bohn; Routledge, 1860.

— Paris, Baudry, Galignani, 1830 in 12mo, 1846 in 18mo.

Histoire de la Vie et des Voyages de Christophe Colomb. Traduit par M. Defauconpret. Paris, Ch. Gosselin; Mame et Delaunay-Vallée, 1828.

— traduit par G. Benson. Bruxelles, Lacroix, Verboeckhoven & Cie., 1864; the same, abrégée par J. A. Dufour, Genève, 1835; Paris, Cherbuliez.

Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada, from the MSS. of Fray Antonio Agapida. Philadelphia, Carey & Co., 1829.

— London, Murray, 1829.

— Paris, Baudry, 1841.

— Noten und einen Wörterbuche. Leipzig, Baumgärtner.

Histoire de la Conquête de Grenade, tirée de la Chronique manuscrite de Fray Antonio Agapida. Traduit par J. Cohen. Paris, Tim. Dehay, 1829. The same, précédée d'une étude sur les ouvrages de Washington Irving, par Xavier Eyma. Bruxelles, Lacroix, Verboeckhoven & Cie.

Cronica de la Conquista. Translated by J. W. Montgomery. Madrid, 1831.

Review of, by Irving, in Quarterly Review, 1830.

Notices of, in London Times, 1828; North American, 1829; Monthly Review, 1829; London Magazine, 1829; American Monthly, 1835.

Voyages of the Companions of Columbus. Philadelphia, Carey & Lea, 1831.

— London, Murray, 1830; Tegg; Bohn, 1850.

— Paris, Baudry, Galignani, 1831.

— With a complete vocabulary, compiled by E. Amthor. Leipzig, Renger.

Histoire et Découvertes des Compagnons de Colomb. Traduit par Henri Lebrun. Tours, Mame, 1840-44, 1864.

Histoire des Voyages et Découvertes des Compagnons de Christophe Colomb; suivie de l'Histoire de Fernand Cortès et de la Conquête du Mexique, et de l'Histoire de Pizarre et de la Conquête du Pérou. Traduits par A. J. B. et C. A. Defauconpret. Paris, Ch. Gosselin, 1833.

Tales of the Alhambra. Philadelphia, Carey & Lea, 1832; with illustrations by F. O. C. Darley and others, Childs & Peterson.

— London, Colburn & Bentley, 1832; Bohn.

- or the new Sketch Book. By Geoffrey Crayon. Paris, Baudry, Galignani, 1832, 12mo; to which are added, Legends of the Conquest of Spain, Paris, Baudry, 1840, 8vo. The same in 18mo. Akzentuirt und erläutert, zum Schulgebrauche von Sprachlehrer Th. Chr. Nossek. Paris, Fournier. Akzentuirt, u. s. w., von Frz. Bauer. With a copious vocabulary, compiled by E. Amthor. Leipzig, Renger.
- Les Contes de l'Alhambra, précédées d'un Voyage dans la province de Grenade. Traduit par Mlle. A. Sobry. Paris, Fournier, 1833; in 1849, Delahays.
- Traduit par P. Christian. Paris, Lavigne, 1843.
- Noticed in New York Mirror, 1832; North American, 1832; Westminster, 1832; American Monthly, 1832.
- Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey. Philadelphia, Carey, Lea & Blanchard, 1835.
- London, Murray, 1835; Bohn, 1850; with the Prairies, Routledge, 1850.
- Paris, Baudry, Galignani, 1835, in 12mo and 18mo.
- Walter Scott et Lord Byron, ou Voyages à Abbotsford et à Newstead. Traduit par Mlle. A. Sobry. Paris, Fournier, 1835.
- Tour on the Prairies. Philadelphia, Carey, Lea & Blanchard, 1835. Subsequent editions omit original introduction.
- London, Murray, 1835; Routledge; Bohn.
- Paris, Baudry, Galignani, 1835, 12mo; the same, Baudry, 1835, 18mo.
- Voyage dans les Prairies à l'Ouest des États-Unis. Traduit par Mlle. A. Sobry. Paris, Fournier, 1835. The same, traduit par Ernest W—. Tours, Pornin.
- Notices of, in North American, 1835; Dublin University, 1835; Monthly Review, 1835.
- Legends of the Conquest of Spain. Philadelphia, Carey, 1835.
- London, Murray, 1835.
- Astoria. Philadelphia, Carey, 1836.
- London, Bentley, 1836.
- Paris, Baudry, Galignani, 1836.
- Voyages dans les Contrées Désertes de l'Amérique du Nord, entrepris pour la fondation du comptoir d'Astoria sur la côte nord-ouest. Traduit par P. N. Grollier. Paris, Dufart, 1839.
- Astoria. Voyages au delà des Montagnes Rocheuses. Traduit par P. N. Grollier. Paris, Allouard, 1843.
- Notices of, in London Spectator, 1836; American Quarterly, 1836; Westminster, 1836; Monthly Review, 1836; Southern Literary Messenger, 1837; North American, 1837; Southern Quarterly, 1845.
- Adventures of Captain Bonneville. Philadelphia, Carey, 1837.
- London, Bentley, 1837; Routledge; Bohn, 1850.
- Paris, Baudry, Galignani, 1837.
- Voyages et Aventures du Capitaine Bonneville à l'Ouest des États-Unis d'Amérique, au delà des Montagnes Rocheuses. Traduit par Benjamin Laroche. Paris, Charpentier, 1837.
- Notice of, in Monthly Review, 1836.
- Life of Margaret Davidson. New York, Harper, 1840.
- Biographie der jungen amerikan. Dichterin Margarethe M. Davidson. Leipzig, Brockhaus.
- Biography of Goldsmith. Harper's Family Library, 1841.
- Life of Goldsmith. (Another work than the preceding.) New York, Putnam, 1849.
- with illustrations by F. O. C. Darley and others. Philadelphia, Childs & Peterson.
- London, Routledge, Bohn.
- Vie de Goldsmith, Paris.
- Life of Thomas Campbell. In Stone's History of Wyoming. New York, 1841.
- Life of Mahomet. New York, Putnam, 1850.
- London, Routledge, Bohn.
- Vie de Mahomet. Traduit par Henry Georges. Bruxelles, Lacroix, Verboeckhoven & Cie., 1865.
- Wolfert's Roost. New York, Putnam, 1855.
- London, Low; Bohn; Routledge; Hamilton.
- Notices of, in Colburn, 1855; Dublin University, 1855; Eclectic, 1855; National Magazine, 1857.
- Life of Washington. New York, Putnam, 1855-1859; Student's Life of, New York, 1870; Centennial Edition, Putnam, 1883.
- London, Bohn.
- COLLECTED WORKS.
- Revised and Complete Edition of Works, New York, Putnam, 1849 and after; Geoffrey Crayon Edition, New York, Putnam, 1880, 27 vols.; Hudson Edition, Putnam, 1880; Spuyten Duyvil Edition, Putnam, 1883, 24 vols.; People's Edition, Putnam, 26 vols., 1883.
- Uniform with Standard Library. London, Bohn, 1851-1862; Routledge, 8 vols., 12mo; 12 vols. post 8vo.
- Paris, Baudry, 1834 to 1843, double-column octavo.
- Sämmtliche Werke. Chr. A. Fischer. Containing Geoffrey Crayon's Skizzenbuch; Erzählungen eines Reisenden; Bracebridge Hall, oder die Charaktere, 1822-27.
- Crayon Miscellany. Containing Tour on the Prairies, Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey, Legend of Don Roderick, Legend of the Subjugation of Spain, Legend of the Family of Count Julian, Philadelphia, 1835 and after.
- Illustrated Edition in Semi-monthly Parts, imperial octavo, 100 copies, New York, about 1860.
- Legends of the Conquest of Spain, Paris, Baudry, Galignani, 1836.
- Noticed in Fraser, 1835.
- SELECTIONS, REVIEWS, MINOR, AND UNPUBLISHED WORKS.
- The Creole Village, in the Magnolia (Annual), 1837.
- Dolph Heyliger, oblong quarto. London, Chapman, 1851.
- Darley's Rip Van Winkle, illustrated, 1848.
- Darley's Sleepy Hollow, illustrated, 1849.
- Rip Van Winkle and Sleepy Hollow. London, Holten.
- Photographs. New York, 1871.
- Brief Remarks on the Wife. By Egbert Benson, New York, 1819.
- Una Moglie, 1854.
- Jonathan Oldstyle. In Daily Chronicle, 1802.
- Book of the Hudson. Collected from the various works of Diedrich Knickerbocker. New York, 1849.
- The Illustrated Beauties of Irving, with Life by S. Austin Allibone, and a Notice of Sunnyside by H. T. Tuckerman. Philadelphia, Childs & Peterson.
- Beauties of Irving. London, Tegg, 1836.
- Essays and Sketches. London, Bogue; Groombridge, 1858.
- Beauties of Irving. Illustrated by George Cruikshank. London, Tegg, 1866.
- Biographies and Miscellaneous Papers. Bell & Daldy, 1867.
- Elegant Extracts from the Complete Works of Washington Irving, with Notes by Charles Olliffe. Paris, Baudry, 1843.
- Ausgewählte Schriften. Von J. B. Adrian. Containing Gottfried Crayon's Skizzenbuch und Bracebridge Hall, oder die Charaktere. Frankfurt, Sauerlande.
- Lines in an Album. Cornhill Magazine, 1860.
- American Essays, 1825. Never published.
- Essay on the Education of Youth, 1825. Never published.
- Review of Slidell's Year in Spain. Quarterly Review, 1831.
- Mutilation of Bryant, by Irving, charged. Plaindealer, Jan. 14, Jan. 28, 1836.
- Discussion concerning correctness of Irving as a Portrayer of North Carolina Manners. New York American, 1837.
- History of the Conquest of Mexico, abandoned in favor of Prescott.
- Attack on Irving in Graham's Magazine, 1842.
- Wheaton's History of the Northmen, Review of. North American Review, 1832.
- Dedication of the English Edition of Bryant's Poems to Rogers. London, Andrews, 1832.
- NOTICES OF WORKS.
- Blackwood, 1819; Dennie's Portfolio, 1821; Colburn, 1822; Edinburgh Review, 1822; North American, 1829, 1834; Fraser, 1831; Selections from Edinburgh Review, 1835; Democratic Review, 1841; Southern Literary Messenger, 1842; Bentley, 1845; Southern Quarterly, 1846; Democratic Review, 1847; Eclectic Magazine, 1848; Christian Review, 1850; Whig Review, 1850; Colburn, 1853; Eclectic, 1853; Living Age, 1853; Methodist Quarterly, 1856; Colburn, 1859; Cornhill, 1860; Harper, 1861; Cornhill, 1862; Atlantic, 1863; Eclectic Magazine, 1865; St. James, 1875; Scribner, 1875; Canadian Monthly, 1878; Atlantic, 1879; Harper, CRITIC, 1883.
- LIVES OF IRVING.
- Davis, A., Visit to, 1860.
- Greene, G. W., Biographical Studies, 1860.
- Irving, Pierre M., Life and Letters of. New York, Putnam, 1863; London, Bentley, Bohn, 1864.
- Condensed edition. New York, Putnam, 1879.
- Memorial Edition, small quarto. New York, Putnam, 1883.
- Reviewed in Christian Examiner, 1862; Living Age, 1862; Colburn, 1863; Eclectic, 1863; Quarterly, 1863; Living Age, 1863, 1864.
- Irvingiana, from New York Historical Magazine, 1860; Living Age, 1861.
- Vignettes, with Sketch of His Life. New York, 1858.
- Sunnyside and Its Proprietor, in Tuckerman's Homes of American Authors. New York, 1853.
- Memoir, and Selections from His Works, by C. Adams. New York, 1870.
- Warner, Charles Dudley, Life of (American Men-of-Letters Series, Vol. I.) Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 1882.



Everett, E., Remarks, 1859, Irving and His Friends, 1863.

Peters, J. C., Illness of, 1860.

Todd, J., Discourse on, 1859.

Discourse on the Life, Character, and Genius of Washington Irving. By William Cullen Bryant. New York, 1860; Living Age, 1860.

Life of, in Herring and Longacre's National Portrait Gallery, vol. 1, 1837.

Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society, for 1858-60. Includes address by Longfellow.

Visit to, Living Age, 1859; Why He was Never Married, Eclectic Magazine, 1862.

Memoir of, Dennie's Portfolio, 1825.

Memorial of, Knickerbocker, 1860.

Recollections of, Atlantic Monthly, 1860.

— Lippincott, 1869.

— Continental Monthly, 1862.

Day with Irving. Once a Week, 1860.

Studies of Irving. New York, Putnam, 1880.

Contains Introduction to Geoffrey Crayon Edition, by Charles Dudley Warner; Bry-

ant's Discourse; Reminiscences of Irving, by George P. Putnam.

Willis at Sunnyside, Living Age, 1857.

Irving and His Friends, Eclectic Magazine, 1871.

Irving at Sunnyside, Harper, 1857; Colburn, 1863; Canadian Monthly, 1879.

— in 1858, Hours at Home, 1865.

Morning with Irving, Southern Magazine, 1873.

Bryant's Orations. New York, 1873.

## Literature

### "The Calling of a Christian Woman."\*

THERE are many things in the Rev. Dr. Dix's Lenten discourses for women that will find a favorable echo among thinking men—and many which will meet with just opposition. In considering his arguments, it is not worth while to take the thoughtless into account, but only the noble men and women whose purpose is as pure as Dr. Dix's—and we find none purer—whose intelligence is even greater, because wider, whose eyes have been open and not closed to the history of the past hundred years. These men and women—among the most thoughtful, and high-minded, and pure-hearted in the land—will agree with the Doctor that there is much evil in these days, that there is socialism, and communism and nihilism, dynamite and other explosive material in the air; that there is an uneasy striving among the lower orders of society, a restless feeling even among women for a change in their conditions; that there is more divorce than was allowed under the Holy Catholic Church, more even than the canons of the Holy Catholic Episcopal Church permit. They will unite with him, on the other hand, in recognizing the beneficent influence of the early Christian Church on the morals of the world, as well as on the social status of women. They will agree with him, with all their souls, that a pure home and a united one is at the centre of all social order and all beautiful living. But they will resent being classed with nihilists and communists, being compared with disorganizers and murderers, because they seek for a less one-sided adjustment of the home-life, because, in a generous mood toward their sisters, and in a provident mood toward their daughters, they think these unfortunate persons should be consulted in the arrangement of their lives, and not relegated to the law of Moses—because, in fine, they recognize women as their equals.

These thinkers will agree with Dr. Dix perfectly in recognizing the fundamental unlikeness of women to men. They are created unlike them, and cannot be changed. No education can obliterate the difference. Dr. Dix need not expect it; he should not fear it. He should trust the divine law more confidently. But his observation must have taught him that, besides having points of dissimilarity, the two sexes have also certain resemblances. They both have souls to save; they make equally good church-members and missionaries, and the laws of church-membership are about the same for each. They both work and eat and pray together, under like conditions. They feel pain and hunger pretty much in the same way. The same medicines cure them; the same poisons affect them. In fact there are many, many points of resemblance; and among these points of resemblance—of close, very close, resemblance—are the love of management, particularly

of the management of themselves; the love of property and of the power of controlling it, when they have earned it, and have not voluntarily given it away to a chosen person; the love of knowledge, sufficient, at least, to enable them to protect the property if need be; a knowledge of the law, if that be necessary—of the science of government, if that be useful to them; the love of self-protection in their own way, by their hearts, by their hands, by their minds; the love of knowledge for the sake of knowledge, and of getting it in their own way. It is through the consideration—the enlightened and humane consideration—of these points of resemblance between men and women, that thinking people, who have been alive and awake during these days of change, have opened their hearts and unfastened the bolted gates of their intelligence to some of the pressing questions of amelioration in the condition of women. They recognize the foul and unseen things that will creep in when the gates are thrown open. The foe comes up with the friend, and for a time skulks about in the guise of good. So it always is. With fresh air, in spring, when the doors are thrown open, come in the harsh street cries. But the fresh air is needful all the same; and the new oxygen in the blood will make the brain and the arm stronger to cope with the foe. Such good men as Dr. Dix should love the fresh air better. They should have more confidence in the healthy action of the blood. Divine providence is just as capable of taking care of us when we do justice as when we do injustice. When the clergy sound the alarm, as Dr. Dix does, and cry out upon the intelligent thought of the XIXth century equally with the unintelligent, they doubt the power of God in the world to take care of his own, far more than the scientist doubts it. The latter believes more in the beneficent power of law in the universe, working in matter and mind, working through the church, or in spite of it, than Dr. Dix finds it possible to believe. For the scientist believes that man will thrive better on justice than on injustice, on such right as he can find, than on such wrongs as he knows.

As it is, this volume of sermons, while it will make some uneasy and many indignant, will not convince the thoughtful of anything except that such men as Dr. Dix are unfitted by their semi-prelatical and hierarchic surroundings for contributing anything generous and noble in action to the solution of the world's problems. We say this not in the interest of any denomination, not even in the interest of co-education, certainly not in the interest of easy divorce, or nihilism, or atheism; but in the interest of that large class of thinking men, who, whether in the Church or out of it, must and will shape the action of society,—with the clergy if they can, but without them if they must.

OTHER book-reviews, prepared for this number, have been crowded out by the pressure of Irving matter and advertisements.

\* The Calling of a Christian Woman, and Her Training to Fulfill It. By Morgan Dix, S.T.D., Rector of Trinity Church. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

## The Critic

NEW YORK, MARCH 31, 1883.

THE announcements of James R. Osgood & Co. for the spring and summer are exceedingly interesting. The firm will publish, late in the summer, the Rev. Samuel Longfellow's Life of his brother, the late Henry W. Longfellow, and the Life of Nathaniel Hawthorne, by his son, Mr. Julian Hawthorne. They have also in preparation, for publication early in the fall, an illustrated edition of Tennyson's 'Princess,' intended to surpass their kindred editions of the 'Dream of Fair Women,' 'Lucile,' and 'The Lady of the Lake.' A cheaper edition of 'Lucile' is also promised; and Mr. W. J. Rolfe has edited an illustrated school-edition, with notes, of 'The Lady of the Lake.' For immediate publication, Messrs. Osgood announce Mrs. Burnett's 'Through one Administration,' which is being revised by the author, and Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote's 'The Led-Horse Claim.'

The Irving Centenary is to be celebrated at Tarrytown, on Tuesday next. Invitations to participate in the memorial exercises have been sent to Mr. John G. Whittier and Dr. O. W. Holmes, who were asked to contribute verses for the occasion; to Mr. George William Curtis, who is to deliver an address; to Messrs. Parke Godwin, E. C. Stedman, John Bigelow, John Jay, President Porter, of Yale; President Barnard, of Columbia; President Eliot, of Harvard; Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and Rev. R. S. Storrs, of Brooklyn; Mr. J. Watson Webb, and many others.

The edition of Emerson's Works, to be published in England by Macmillan & Co., will begin with the second volume, containing the essays. The first volume will be held back for Mr. John Morley's introduction, which will cover the whole series.

Mr. F. Marion Crawford's new novel, 'A Roman Singer,' will not appear until the July number of *The Atlantic*, so as to begin the new volume.

The two volumes of Mr. Bryant's poetry will probably be published next week. Messrs. Appleton expect to have ready in May the second volume of Mr. Bancroft's revised edition of his history.

'The Golden Chersonese,' of which Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop writes in her forthcoming volume, lies in the Malay Peninsula, and is under British rule. Mrs. Bishop travelled under government auspices, and spent a great deal of time in the company of British officials, so that she has purposely avoided giving any observations but her own, for fear of even seeming to commit a breach of hospitality. The book is made up of letters to a sister, since dead, so that the descriptions of that little-travelled country have all the freshness of notes made on the spot.

Among Macmillan & Co.'s announcements may be mentioned a new edition of Mr. Crawford's popular novel, 'Mr. Isaacs'; Miss Yonge's new story, 'Stray Pearls'; and a novel, by a new writer, bearing the title 'The Story of Melicent,' which last will appear in their series of Dollar Novels. They have also approaching publication a new edition of Dr. James Martineau's recent work, 'A Study of Spinoza,' and a new translation of 'Spinoza's Ethics,' made by Mr. Hale White, with the advice and assistance of Dr. J. Hutchinson Sterling, of Edinburgh. It is gratifying to know that the anticipations of the success of 'Mr. Isaacs,' formed by the leading literary journals, have been fully borne out by the result, no less than 3,000 copies having been called for of the new edition just ready.

The May *Harper's* will contain a carefully written and profusely illustrated article on the Brooklyn Bridge, by Mr. W. C. Conant. It has been in course of preparation for eight years.

'Heart Chords,' is the general title under which Messrs. Cassell & Co. propose to issue, at short intervals, a series of little books, by eminent divines, having for their object 'the stimulating, guiding, and strengthening of the Christian life.' The volumes will be produced in neat and appropriate style, and at a low price. Among the promised authors are Canon Farrar, Dean Bickersteth, Bishop Cotterill, Canon Carpenter, Rev. D. P. Power, Dean Edwards, and Prof. W. G. Blaikie, D.D.

Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co. have in press, for immediate publication, 'The Handy Commentary,' edited by C. J. Ellicott, D.D., consisting of the books of the 'New Testament Commentary for English Readers,' in twelve separate volumes, revised by their respective authors.

Henry Holt & Co. have a long list of announcements, among them: 'What Shall We Act?' by M. E. James, giving descriptions of over one hundred plays; a second edition of Mrs. E. S. Miller's 'In the Kitchen'; 'Plant-Life,' by Edward Step; a new edition of B. J. Lossing's 'Life and Times of Philip Schuyler,' which has been out of print for a number of years; Main's 'Early Law and Customs'; Heine's 'Harzreise und Das Buch Le Grand,' annotated for students by James A. Harrison; a book on botany, by Prof. Macloskey; 'Outlines of the Constitutional History of the United States,' by L. H. Porter; an American edition of Witt's 'Classic Mythology,' with glossary and related myths; and a brief edition of Martin's 'Human Body,' in the American Science Series. In fiction, Messrs. Holt announce 'Captain Phil,' the experience of a boy in the western army during the war; 'A Chelsea Holder'; 'A Story of Carnival,' by M. A. M. Hoppus; 'The Admiral's Ward,' by Mrs. Alexander; 'No New Thing,' by W. E. Norris, author of 'Matrimony,' and 'A Midsummer Lark,' by W. A. Crofut.

The *Tribune* announces, somewhat indefinitely, that Prof. Lounsbury, of Yale, is engaged upon a work of brilliant literary promise. Prof. Lounsbury's Life of Cooper, in the American Men-of-Letters Series, was something more than this: it was a work of brilliant literary performance.

Mr. Walter H. Pollock has written a biographical and critical sketch of the late Mr. Anthony Trollope, with whom he was on terms of intimacy, for the May *Harper's*. It will be illustrated with a capital portrait of the popular novelist, engraved by Baude, of Paris.

There will be issued immediately from the private press of H. Daniel, Fellow of Worcester College, Oxford, 'Six Idyllia: that is, six small, or petty poems, or aglogues, chosen out of the right famous Sicilian Poet Theocritus, and translated into English verse.' It will be reprinted from the unique copy (1588) in the Bodleian Library. The impression is limited to ninety-five copies, printed with the Fell type on Dutch hand-made paper, and with an etching by Alfred Parsons. Applications and subscriptions may be sent to the Rev. H. Daniel, Worcester House, Oxford. Mr. Daniel will also issue 'Promethevs, the Firegiver,' by Robert Bridges, the impression being limited to 100 copies, printed on Dutch hand-made paper.

The *Evening Post* commits itself to the declaration that within the first sixteen years of Queen Victoria's reign, 'historians, poets, novelists, and philosophers, such as England had not before produced, appeared in rich abundance.' We were under the impression that Shakspeare, Milton, Bacon and Fielding were 'produced' some time before the accession of Her Gracious Majesty.

One of the two volumes for March of the Riverside Hawthorne contains 'The Scarlet Letter' and 'The Blithedale Romance,' and the other 'The Marble Faun.'

Roffe's monthly, *The Periodical World*, contains extracts from *Temple Bar*, *Macmillan's*, *Belgravia*, *The Nineteenth Century*, *The Contemporary*, and other of the English magazines and reviews, with copious notes on the leading American and English periodicals. It is edited by the Rev. Julius H. Ward.

From the new edition of Messrs. Geo. P. Rowell & Co.'s 'American Newspaper Directory,' which is now in press, it appears that the newspapers and periodicals of all kinds issued in the United States and Territories now reach a total of 11,196—an increase of 585 in twelve months. In England there are 1962 newspapers.

Mr. Foster's *Monthly Reference Lists* for March (Leypoldt) are appropriately devoted to Richard Wagner, and the Georgia Sesqui-Centennial.

According to *The Antiquarian*, the first complete set of maps of England was compiled by Christopher Saxton, of Yorkshire, who spent nine years in making a general survey of the country and separate ones of the several counties. He published maps of Norfolk, Buckingham, Oxford and Berkshire in 1574, and of Kent in the following year.

The *Bibliographer* for March (Bouton) prints a curious 'Bibliography of Skating'—a list of the titles of books, pamphlets, magazines, newspapers, encyclopædias and dictionaries containing articles or verses on skating. The oldest work referred to is the prose (or younger) Edda of Snorri Sturluson. The compiler acknowledges his indebtedness to (among others) Mr. E. B. Cook, of Hoboken, N. J.



Life is better worth living, now that we can read *Life* every week. It is a capital paper—brightly written, brightly printed, brightly illustrated. 'Life let us cherish.'

The exterior stone of Westminster Abbey is reported to be crumbling away so fast as to require recasing throughout. It is thought that Parliamentary aid may have to be invoked.

*The Wheelman* for April—Vol. II., No. 1—appears in a new cover which is as pretty as the old one was ugly. One who is not already a devotee of the bicycle would be soon converted by reading this organ of the 'wheelmen.'

An advertiser in *The Antiquary* (Bouton) promises to sell, 'cheap,' autograph letters of the Queen, the Prince of Wales, Carlyle, Dickens, Darwin and Pitt.

There was a time when *The Princeton Review* was the organ of a rigid Presbyterianism, but since it came into the hands of Mr. Jonas M. Libbey it has been edited with greater liberality. Some of the best theological and philosophical writing of the time has appeared in its pages, and scientific and economic subjects have been discussed by the foremost students. Mr. Libbey intends widening still further the scope of the *Review*, and in the May number will print a paper on 'Modern Comedy,' by Mr. J. Brander Matthews.

The library of Mr. George W. Childs, famed for its autograph manuscripts, is described in a fifty-page pamphlet by F. W. Robinson.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have arranged with the London publishers to bring out 'Rosminis: Five Wounds of the Church,' by Canon Liddon, and an edition of Blunt's 'Annotated Prayer-Book,' with an American preface.

DR. ORPHEUS EVERTS has found a publisher for a brochure on the use of brain-stimulants, which may be read with profit in connection with the volume on 'Study and Stimulants' reviewed in the last number of *THE CRITIC*. It is in pamphlet-form, and bears the interrogatory heading, 'What Shall We do for the Drunkard.' (Robert Clarke & Co.)

A CHARACTERISTIC instance of English ignorance of American work is to be found in the new *Folk-Lore Journal*, in the March number of which Mr. William George Black considers 'The Hare in Folk-Lore' and makes no mention of B'r'er Rabbit! Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, by the way, has nearly ready for publication two new books, one of which will be issued in a few months by James R. Osgood & Co.

A PENNSYLVANIA periodical advertises a reward of '\$20, in gold, to the person telling us how many verses there are in the Old Testament Scriptures, by April 10th, 1883.' Persons trying for the reward 'must send twenty cents in silver (no postage-stamps taken) with their answer,' for which they will receive the May number of the monthly, in which the name and address of the winner of the reward, and the correct answer, will be published. The publishers of the magazine in question will oblige us by putting down the name of *THE CRITIC*, No. 30 Lafayette Place, New York, as the winner of the prize, and the correct answer as 23,214. For any other facts relating to the number of books, chapters, verses, words and letters in the Old or New Testament, we would refer them to *The Bibliographer* of October, 1882.

THE flower-crest of the imperial dynasty of the Mikados of Japan—the oldest in the world—is the chrysanthemum. In gold or ink, brocade or gilt, one sees it as a frontlet on the soldier's caps, on the flags of the army and navy, the postage-stamps, the national currency, and the government property generally. A magazine printed in the Mikado's empire and devoted to Japanese subjects is well named *The Chrysanthemum*. Having survived the proverbially perilous second year, it comes before us fifty-six pages thick, and well filled with choice material. If the editors can keep up the standard of this No. 1 of Vol. III., then the magazine deserves to have a long subscription list in America, as well as in Japan. Captain R. Brinkley, the noted Anglo-Japanese scholar and romancer, contributes three papers of value—'The House of Kuroda,' a story of XVIth-century feudalism, 'A History of Japanese Ceramics,' and a review of 'The Old Year' (1882), translated from the native newspapers. All of Captain Brinkley's work is well done, except that he disfigures it by a wearying repetition of pet words, which are usually technical or

obsolete. Dr. Geerts, in a short article based on original letters (after the style of Carlyle's 'Cromwell's Letters and Speeches,' and with equal success, we venture to prophesy), gives the true story of the Dutch participation in the 'Christian' uprising and massacre at Arima in 1637-8, in which he exposes the fictions of Kaempfer and Tavernier, relative to the use of Dutch artillery to massacre 'Christians.' Evidently, the character of the Dutch traders at Nagasaki must be rehabilitated by future book-makers. 'Higher Education in Japan' will bear reading even in New York, about this time. Good 'Ornithological Notes' and a chapter on 'Darwin's Theory of Evolution Applied to Sandwich Island Mollusks' complete a superb, and, we hope, a sample number of a magazine worthy to lie on the tables of all who need fresh, trustworthy and first-hand information concerning Japan.

The New York Life Insurance Company has issued a large sheet of heavy paper, designed to illustrate the origin of the American flag in the coat-of-arms of the Washingtons. It gives, in colors, the Washington shield, the Washington arms and crest, the General's seal, book-plate, last watch-seal, and the emblazoning on his coach, and the obverse and reverse of an American penny of 1791. There are, also, facsimiles of an old brass tablet in Great Brington Church, Northamptonshire, and in Solgrave Church, the same county; and a chart showing the descent of the first American President from Laurence Washington, Mayor of Northampton in 1533 and 1546. A pamphlet on 'The Origin of the Stars and Stripes,' which accompanies the illuminated plate, was prepared for the publishers (New York: Root & Tinker) by Edward W. Tuffley, of Northampton.

#### ITALIAN NOTES.

A VOLUME of poems by Francesco Curzio has been favorably received in Milan.—A monograph on 'Gasparo Scaruffi, and the Monetary Question in the XVIth Century,' by Andrea Balletti, has appeared in Modena.—A pamphlet containing two letters to the poet Ugo Foscolo, one from Pietro Giordani, the other from Vincenzo Monti, has been published in Italy. The letters are facsimiles of autographs, and deal with the question of the praises of Napoleon I.—'The Glories of Lombard Art,' by Luigi Malvezzi, a history of the works of art produced by the Lombards from the year 590 down to the present time, will shortly be published in Milan.—Professor Comba of Florence, in connection with Prof. Benrath of Bonn and Prof. Schmidt of Strasburg, is editing 'Library of the Italian Reform' ('Biblioteca della Riforma Italiana'), in which are reprinted the Italian evangelical writings of the XVIth century.—Mr. Gladstone has been elected a Corresponding Member of the Milanese Institute of Sciences and Letters.—Giuseppe Regaldi, a writer of travels and a poet of considerable reputation, died recently at Bologna.—Ercole Ricotti, the late Italian Senator, was formerly Professor of History in the University of Turin. He was the author of a 'History of the Piedmontese Monarchy,' a 'Life of Cesare Balbo,' a 'History of the Companies of Fortune,' and other serious works.—A new periodical is announced in Italy, the *Giornale Storico della Letteratura Italiana*, which will be devoted to the accumulation, arrangement, and discussion of materials for the history of Italian literature.—A third volume of the letters of Alessandro Manzoni will soon appear.—The second volume of Cesare Cantù's 'Reminiscences' of Manzoni has been published.

#### GERMAN NOTES.

CONRAD FERDINAND MEYER, a Swiss author already noted as a story-writer, has come forward at the age of sixty with a volume of poems which are much praised by the German periodical press for their artistic form and freshness of thought.—The second volume of 'Alterthum und Gegenwart' ('Antiquity and the Present'), by Ernst Curtius, a noted Greek scholar and Professor at the University of Berlin, has recently appeared in that city.—The youthful prose works of Friedrich Schlegel have been collected and published in Vienna.—Adolf Schöll, one of the veterans of Goethe-literature, died recently in Germany.—The first part of a history of ethics ('Geschichte der Ethik'), beginning with the 'Ethics of the Greeks and Romans,' by Theobald Ziegler, has appeared at Bonn.—A German translation of a work by the celebrated Polish poet, Adam Mickiewicz, has been recently published at Leipzig.—A Life of Lessing, by Heinrich Duntzer, has appeared in the same city.—A collection

of the writings of Leopold Kompert, the Jewish author, has just been published in Berlin in honor of the completion of his sixtieth year.—A new author has appeared in Germany with a society novel, called 'Ehre' ('Honor'), which is well spoken of by the German press. He writes under the name of Ossip Schubin.—A new translation of 'Orlando Furioso,' by Otto Gildemeister, the translator of 'Don Juan,' is appearing in Berlin.

#### RUSSIAN NOTES.

TRANSLATIONS of Henry James's 'Bundle of Letters' and of Bret Harte's 'Condensed Novels' have recently appeared in the *Viestnik Evropii* (*European Messenger*).—A series of poems in prose, by Tourguéneff, all written during the last five years, appeared in the same magazine in December last.—The centenary of the Russian poet, Joukovski, was celebrated on the 29th of January. His life and works, edited by K. K. Zeidlitz, have just been published; and some unpublished poems of his have recently been discovered among a collection of autographs of Russian authors.—Mrs. MacGahan, the widow of the famous war-correspondent, has been contributing a series of articles on American life to the *Viestnik Evropii*.

Tourguéneff's 'Lavretsky' is appearing in the Spanish *Revista Contemporanea*. His 'Clara Militch' was published in the *Viestnik Evropii* for January.—The eighth volume of the works of Prince Viasemski, recently noticed in these columns, has appeared.—A new edition of the works of Lermontoff has just been published at St. Petersburg.—The works of Capt. Mayne Reid are popular in Russia. One called (in the Russian translation) 'The Bold Huntress' has just appeared there.—The works of Pouschkin have been newly edited by P. A. Evremoff.—Some additional stanzas of Pouschkin's 'Eugene Oneghin' have been brought to light in the *Viestnik Evropii* for January.—A Russian translation of Ebers's 'Daughter of an Egyptian King' has just appeared in St. Petersburg.—Dandet's 'Evangéliste' was published serially in the *Rousski Viestnik* (*Russian Messenger*).

#### SPANISH NOTES.

'WOMAN JUDGED BY A WOMAN' is the title of the latest work of a well-known Spanish novelist and editress, Doña Concepcion Gimeno de Flaquer, published in Barcelona.—'Great Characters of Contemporary Politics'—a series of studies by Count de las Almenas—is a work which has been favorably reviewed by the press of Madrid.—The *Revista Contemporanea*, of Madrid, has a study of Longfellow and his works, running through several numbers.

#### Col. Di Cesnola and the Museum.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

I am, in common with many others, awaiting a reply from the Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum to the startling indictment of *The Century*, of August last, of the management of the museum by General Cesnola. How any organization of American gentlemen can allow such a statement to go unanswered, impeaching their judgment and the authenticity of the collection they guard, and the honor of their Director, and expect to maintain the credit of their institution, I cannot understand.

In no country of Europe would a functionary retain his position with such charges unanswered. That he can do so in New York proves that either no interest exists in the Museum, or that the Trustees have no interest in archæology.

The matter cannot stop there, however much the Trustees may desire it. The patriotic self-sacrifice of our adopted fellow-citizen requires more light on its true merits.

FLORENCE, ITALY, March 15, 1883. W. J. STILLMAN.

#### Mr. Burroughs and "Our Country."

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

F. E. R., who takes Mr. Burroughs to task in the last CRITIC, should read his article again. Mr. Burroughs

did not say plowing. He said 'furlowing' the land after it has been ploughed, etc., for potatoes and turnips. In this country we simply 'mark' it, and do it with one horse. Your correspondent should also know that the South and West are not yet in the United States—the literary United States. No great poet or writer has yet annexed them. 'Our country,' in literature, is mainly New England and the adjacent State of New York. No general statement about its features, or its birds and flowers, etc., will reach much further than that. Is it expected that one's observations about the seasons here shall be good down in Texas, or out in Oregon? Let those heathen countries make their own mythology.

LENOX, MASS., March 12, 1883.

F. H. E.

#### Science

##### The Archæological Institute.

[We take pleasure in calling attention to the following circular, which has just been issued by the Archæological Institute of America:]

NEW YORK, March, 1883.

THE expedition to the old Greek city of Assos, organized and supported by the Archæological Institute, is the first contribution of America to the world's knowledge of classic civilization. Of the work of this expedition, such eminent Hellenists as Professors Goodwin and Jebb, who visited Assos in September, say that the remains now visible give a clearer view of the life of an ancient city than even Pompeii itself. Drawings illustrating some portion of what has been accomplished at Assos are now on exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

While prosecuting abroad researches so honorable to American classical scholarship, the Institute has not lost sight of the study of the aboriginal antiquities of our own country. It is now conducting, and hopes to push actively, investigations in New and Old Mexico, and in Yucatan. The Pueblo Indians are fast dying out. Their communal dwellings are disappearing before the advance of mining and railroad engineers, and all memory will soon be lost of their ancient institutions, traditions, and language. Soon it will be too late.

The Institute needs money, and at once. Its annual dues of \$10 (which may be compounded by a single payment of \$100, entitling the donor to life membership) are insufficient for the prosecution of its work with all the vigor desirable, and even for adequate scientific publication of the results achieved already in Asia Minor and in New Mexico.

It is hoped that all New Yorkers who desire that our city shall hold an honorable position in furthering the cause of higher culture, will add their names without delay to the roll of the Archæological Institute. Subscriptions and notifications of adhesion can be sent to Robert Hobart Smith, Esq., No. 40 Wall Street (until May 1. After May 1, No. 58 Wall Street).

F. A. P. BARNARD,  
JOHN W. BURGESS,  
GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS,  
WILLIAM E. DODGE, JR.,  
HENRY DRISLER,  
EDWIN L. GODKIN,  
JOHN TAYLOR JOHNSTON,  
EDWARD F. DE LANCEY,  
ROBERT E. LIVINGSTON,  
THOMAS W. LUDLOW,  
HENRY G. MARQUAND,

AUGUSTUS C. MERRIAM,  
FREDERICK LAW OLMSTED,  
FREDERICK J. DE PEYSTER,  
HENRY C. POTTER,  
THOMAS R. PRICE,  
WILLIAM C. PRIME,  
CHARLES SHORT,  
RUTHERFORD STUYVESANT,  
CORNELIUS VANDERBILT,  
WILLIAM R. WARE.

#### The Fine Arts

##### The Society of American Artists.

THE sixth yearly exhibition of The Society of American Artists is one of the best exhibitions of paintings that have ever been got together here. It is small—too small, for many good pictures were refused for want of space in which to show them; but every picture hung has a distinct right to its place on the walls. Many display a knowledge and skill quite beyond question, and some would be sure of, and in fact have received,



very respectful treatment from European critics. The most remarkable work is undoubtedly Mr. John Sargent's portrait of a young lady. It is not a pretty picture, not is it 'stunning,' nor does it show that its author is particularly strong in management of tones, as his 'El Jaleo' did. But it is the work of a man who has gained a complete and easy mastery over his art, within certain bounds, and has kept well within his limits. There is the charm in it of seeing a perfectly adequate force brought to a given task. We know that Mr. Sargent is not lacking in versatility. We see that in the present work he has refused himself the use of expedients which he understands how to handle. This reserve and the undeniable success that he has made, apparently in spite of it, but really on account of it, swell our admiration to a degree that more brilliant work might not effect. The young lady is not attractive in face, and a possibly graceful figure is disguised by a badly-made black gown. She is simply standing up, doing nothing. But, there she is—a simple presence; and, not being disagreeable at first sight, she becomes positively charming as one grows used to her and compares her with the personages in other pictures who are all doing something uninteresting, and never getting done with it. The test of a painter is the painting of an appearance, not a story, a sentiment or an idea, and when he succeeds, as in this case, his work looks so right that one wonders how he or others could ever do anything else.

Take Mr. Dewing's 'Prelude,' for instance. Here we have two young ladies, both very pretty, and beautifully dressed, and charmingly posed; they are playing on most romantic instruments. They are brought out against a background of crushed roses like a big paper box of those flowers, fresh from the florist's, and stood up on one side with the cover off. Yet with all this sentiment, action, pretty grouping, color, ideality, the 'Prelude' does not hold the eye nor interest the mind. It is too pretentious for a decoration, and as a picture it fails to accomplish its intent. Similarly, Mr. Blashfield's 'Minute Men,' full of exciting motion, and telling an interesting story—well painted, too, and not badly composed—does not interest one after the story is read, while to Mr. Sargent's picture one can come back again and again. On the other hand, Mr. Chase's studio interior is a mere assemblage of objects with nothing to recommend them as a lot. Nor is their appearance truthfully given. If it were, all would be well. Mr. Dannat, who paints in a manner not unlike Mr. Chase, can tell a taking story without detracting from the picturesque in the scene he represents. 'Après la Messe' is not the 'literary sort of thing.' One is satisfied with it as a picture, and does not need to regard the story at all, if he does not like to do so.

In landscape, Mr. George Brush has a good winter scene, with the wigwags of a tribe of Indians sticking up here and there in the snow. J. Wells Champney has a very nice water-color 'Sketch at Cookham, England,' and two landscapes in oil, of good quality—'April in the Woods' and 'Early Spring, Deerfield, Mass.' Charles M. Dewey's 'Pool in the Meadows' contains good work. J. Evans, a pupil of Mr. Chase, has some good studies of apple-trees, in a curious monotone, rather nasty as to color, but well drawn and painted. Mr. R. Swain Gifford's 'Evening in Autumn' is above his well-known high average of merit. Mr. George Inness seems to be trying to get out of the rut into which he has fallen of late, and makes no mean show of strength, for a man who is not young, in doing

so. Mr. Frank T. Lent's meadow view is careful and rather pleasing. Mr. Macy's 'Sunrise over Snow' is a mere studio picture with nothing of nature in it. Mr. Walter Palmer should take care not to lose the little feeling of nature he has in going to extremes in color on the same road as Mr. Cropsey. Mr. Winthrop Pierce's 'Forest at Fontainebleau' is an excellent study of a group of gnarled and mossy oaks. Mr. Picknell's 'After the Storm' is a very good landscape of the same class. His 'Getting Under Way' shows him to be nearly as strong in a quite different line.

Mr. T. Robinson's 'Nantucket Girl' shows good feeling and traces of a talent that will yet make itself felt. Miss Jessie D. Savage's 'Fruit' is so strongly painted that one would hardly guess it to be by a young lady. Mr. Twachtman's landscapes, Mr. Trego's scene of military life, Mr. Thayer's portrait of a pretty girl, and Mr. Tiffany's sand-hills all deserve more than mere mention, and so do the works of Mr. Ulrich, Mr. Low, Mr. Heinigke, and many others.

The sculptures of the exhibition are not quite as good as those of former shows. Among the things worthy of notice is a bust of a little girl by J. S. Hartley, and one of Abbé Liszt by M. E. Zekiel. Mr. Warner is not up to his own level.

#### Engraving from Nature.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

In an article on 'Art in the Magazines' in your issue of March 24th, *The Century* engraving called 'At Sea' is spoken of as a photograph from nature. Will you allow me to give a true version of the matter, and correct false impressions in regard to the use of the photograph. In this instance, the engraving was drawn on the block with the graver, from a rough sketch in India-ink. The first impression was gained while crossing the Jersey City ferry. The sunset pleased me so much, that I attempted the 'value' sketch from memory. Then followed the engraving.

In working from nature, I assume that the relation of the large masses, one with another, is of the first importance. Form, texture, perspective, etc., are the next consideration. For the first principle, working on the spot is the better way; but if not possible a quick color sketch will help hold the mind to its first impressions. For the form, I should use pencil, photograph, or any convenience to get the required material for a given study. This, I believe, is the usual method with painters. The only departure is in the use of the block and graver, instead of canvas and brush. Whatever of good comes of such work depends mainly on the power of the original impression over the mind; the same law governing the production that is recognized in all art-work, whether the expression be literary, musical, or artistic. Permit me to thank you for cordially welcoming attempts at original work.

NEW YORK, March 26, 1883. ELBRIDGE KINGSLEY.

#### The Drama

A FRENCH FARCE, adapted by Mr. Dion Boucicault, has been produced at Wallack's old theatre, now known as the Star. As the 'Truc d'Arthur' it was fairly successful in Paris: as 'Vice-Versa' it has not proved much of an attraction in New York. Both as actor and author Mr. Boucicault has still no rival in his line, and if in this instance he falls below his great ability, he may fairly attribute the lack of popular enthusiasm to a change of popular taste. There were days when 'Vice-Versa' would have gone with a roar of laughter.

Farce is moribund, if not dead. Realism is the theatrical cry of the hour, and though it is interpreted in different ways, Mr. Wallack supposing it to be a demand for English melodramatic trash, Mr. Daly more wisely believing it to be a call for wholesome German comedy, it has certainly dealt the death-blow to the wild French buffooneries which once had a vogue. The very names of Mr. Boucicault's characters seem as strange as the names of the hippogriff, the mastodon, and the monsters of the antediluvian world. Mr. Phoenix O'Flattery, Mrs. Clingstone Peach, Count Popoff, Count Kickemoff, Baron Jugowski—what relics are these of a remote theatric past, survivors of an old, old, long-forgotten period, when men found wit in 'Slasher and Crasher' and wisdom in 'Box and Cox.'

In France, however, where farce is flavored with the cayenne, the chutnee, the currie-powder of indecency, there are still palates strong enough to relish it, and among the chefs who have for years been serving it up with the necessary condiments, Mm. Chivot and Duru are the most noteworthy. Their best play of the kind is 'Le Carnaval d'un Merle Blanc,' their worst 'Le Truc d'Arthur,' produced last October at the Palais Royal. What demon prompted Mr. Boucicault to search in the latter for the materials of a good comedy? Its motive, the flight of a lover from an ancient flame, was hoary with age. Its personages rejoiced in such names as M. Léopold de Pontbrisé, Hermosa Baronne de Sainte Colombe, Mlle. Cécile Madoulard and Count Oursikoff. Scenes of originality it had none. What evil spirit persuaded Mr. Boucicault to try to fertilize such barren soil?

Arthur, who gave his name to the play, was a friend of the valet of M. de Pontbrisé, Secretary of Legation. Himself a valet, he was wont to assume the clothes and name of his master, conduct affairs of gallantry in this disguise, and when he grew tired of his conquests, announce his real name and position and be promptly shown out of doors. Hearing of this device M. de Pontbrisé determined to make use of it, reversing the order of things, to get rid of the attentions of Mme. de Sainte Colombe, whom he was abandoning in favor of the daughter of a rich tanner at Evreux. So when the frail Hermosa called on him, she found him, broom in hand, sweeping the room, and heard him declare that he was only a valet. Unfortunately, being as romantic as she was frail, she here saw the opportunity for a passionate attachment, like that of the Queen of Spain for Ruy Blas. Accordingly, she announced that nothing should part her from her Léopold. Arthur's trick had failed.

M. Léopold de Pontbrisé, Secretary of Legation, was therefore carried off as a servant to the villa of Mme. de Sainte Colombe, where he performed menial functions and was subjected to the jealous scrutiny of Count Oursikoff, a Pole, whose relations with Hermosa were equivocal. His valet, Benoit, now calling himself the Viscount de Pontbrisé, happened to visit Hermosa's villa, was recognized by Hermosa's maid in his true character, and was kicked by the Count in his false one. Finally, the entire party retired to the house of the tanner at Evreux, where the tanner's daughter married a rustic of her choice, M. de Pontbrisé was united to the Baronne de Sainte Colombe, Benoit bestowed his hand upon Hermosa's maid, and the Count was driven out with contumely.

There may be a planet in which such a story as this would be regarded as humorous. In Mars, or Venus, or Jupiter, the simple spectators might view it as a mas-

terpiece of drollery. To the son of men it is ineffable nonsense. France, let it be taken for granted, is theatrically rotten. Its sober citizens, who live placid, domestic lives, find amusement in nothing but the misadventures of dandies and cocottes. Its leading theatres are given up to emotional stuff like the 'Parisian Romance' and sensational clap-trap like 'Fédora.' Its satire has turned to obscenity, its wit to imbecility. 'Le Truc d'Arthur' marks the lowest point to which the art of Labiche has fallen. To no healthy audience in the world could it be made in any way acceptable.

Mr. Boucicault has done his best with it. He has turned the secretary of legation into a foppish Irish landlord, dawdling in London, fortune-hunting. He is Sir Charles Coldstream with a brogue. He has looked into life and finds nothing in it. He has no occupation, no talents, and very little money; his agents have been sent to Balla-na-Cuish to collect his rents, but are met with shot-guns and shillelaghs; he therefore falls into fashionable idleness, waiting for something to turn up. Being irresistible with the fair sex he has difficulty in shaking the devotion of Mrs. Clingstone Peach. Being a pupil of that celebrated boxer, the 'Merry Chicken,' he has no difficulty in disposing of Count Popoff, Mrs. Peach's admirer. He merrily glides from one adventure to another, from a higher social status to a lower, from velvet to plush, from lace ruffles to a shoulder-knot, always fascinating, dashing, irresponsible—a creature of air, a brilliant nothing, a bubble in the sun.

Miss Sadie Martinot was a lively, handsome widow. It is a Boucicaultian tradition that the skittish widow of English life corresponds to the cocotte of French life. She generally has a little house in Mayfair, a bevy of youthful admirers, inexhaustible impudence, a pretty stock of oaths, and a very limited supply of money. Mrs. Clingstone Peach belongs to the breed. She represents a class which playgoers once accepted as existing in actual life. Where are those skittish widows now? Where are the little houses in Mayfair, in which the women swagger, crack riding-whips, cry 'Hang the fellow,' and quaff huge flagons of ale? Nothing more curiously marks the change in theatrical taste than the surprise with which an audience greets the appearance of Mrs. Clingstone Peach. She is a *revenant* of a past generation. Her sisterhood have perished off the stage. It is as though Lady Teazle, in her patches and powder, should alight from her bath-chair at the door of young Mrs. Winthrop.

'Vice-Versa' will serve its purpose. Mr. Boucicault is far too keen an author to be blind to its moral. Apart from his extraordinary natural gifts, which enabled him to write a classical comedy at an age when most playwrights are at school, he has owed much of his success to the care with which he watches the signs of the times. He will see that the public has lost its taste for mere extravagance, and is turning back from madcap farce to that portrayal of real life which lies at the root of comedy.

## Music

### "The Flying Dutchman."

A TWOFOLD interest attached to the production of 'The Flying Dutchman,' last week, at the Academy of Music. In the first place, Wagner's opera, composed before he had carried his musical theories to his later extremes, had never before been given here by an Italian Opera Company. In the second place it was felt that Mme. Albani had at last a chance of displaying her operatic abilities under entirely favorable circum-



stances, for she is nearly the only singer outside of Germany who has admittedly been equal to Wagnerian leading parts. As regards Albani, popular expectation was not disappointed. She is not one of the greatest artists of her generation, but she has a magnificent voice in its own compass, and sufficient dramatic instinct to have caught, and in great measure successfully interpreted, Wagner's ideal heroine. Senta, Elsa, Elizabeth—their names and their local coloring may differ, but in all psychological essentials they are one and the same—the typical German 'Mädchen,' strong, possessed of an almost virile fearlessness, but brought back to maidenhood by that sweet touch of womanly modesty which almost eludes the grasp when the attempt to portray it is made. Senta is a character too absolutely Teutonic in conception for any artist who has not a drop at least of German blood in her veins to assume with absolute confidence; but Mme. Albani disappointed no one. One might fairly imagine that some traits of her Margherita might be found in her Senta, or vice-versa; but it is evident that in studying the former character she has been swayed to an appreciable degree by operatic, or rather by Italian operatic traditions, while in the latter, let its shortcomings be what they may, she has created an original and impressive character.

Wagner did not, as is so often stated, disparage in after years this early effort in musical dramatic composition. He merely claimed that, though its harmonic principles were in the main correct, he had afterward worked out those same principles to a much higher degree of perfection. Be this as it may, there can be no doubt that 'The Flying Dutchman' pleases an audience which 'Lohengrin' and 'Parsifal' would bore. The germs of Wagner's later manner of construction are evident. There is, to many, a more than sufficient amount of recitative; there is, any way, one marked 'leading motive'—the four mysterious notes of the horn which are given out whenever The Flying Dutchman appears, is mentioned, or is supposed to be thought of by one of the other characters; there are many descriptive orchestral passages, and occasionally some rather unsingable vocal phrases. All these there are, and at the same time there is an abundance of melody which in its freshness, spontaneity and general charm might find a place in one of those operatic compositions which were to Herr Wagner as things abhorrent and almost accursed.

As to the general cast of the Academy, little need be said. Signor Galassi was so essentially *not* The Flying Dutchman, that it seemed extraordinary how so fair an artist in his own line could so misinterpret an

unaccustomed part. Signor Ravelli as the lover was not much better; and the chorus and orchestra were as bad as might have been expected. The hard work and expense in stage-setting entailed by a satisfactory production of Wagner's operas have evidently kept them out of the ordinary manager's repertory quite as much as the alleged indifference of the public. It has been sufficiently demonstrated, in other countries besides Germany, that, with proper management, Wagner spells success as surely as Shakspeare was once said to spell bankruptcy.

#### The Nilsson Concerts.

MME. NILSSON's series of concerts at Steinway Hall hardly calls for detailed criticism. The programme on each occasion consisted of one or two hackneyed operatic selections, which were, as a rule, sung in a perfunctory manner, and to which were added as encores a number of well-known ballads, both in Swedish and English. Mme. Nilsson is one of the greatest artists of the day, and it is a thousand pities to see one possessed of such advantages, both natural and acquired, as have fallen to her lot, show so little apparent respect for her audiences. It is of course a matter of taste as to whether her familiar and undignified mien when on the platform is pleasing or offensive; but there can be no doubt that it was little short of an insult to our musical intelligence for her to choose such worthless and trivial subjects on which to expend her marvellous vocal powers. That she was applauded goes without saying. Who could refrain from applauding those full, clear, rich notes, even if the singer had merely sung her scales? But applause from a mixed concert-audience is not all that a singer of Madame Nilsson's high rank should desire.

#### The Book-Exchange.

[UNDER this heading, any reader of THE CRITIC who wishes to exchange one book for another may advertise his wants. No statement will be published unless accompanied, as a guaranty of good faith, by the name and address of the person sending it. But each statement will be numbered, and in cases where the name of the advertiser is not printed, answers addressed to the proper number will be forwarded by THE CRITIC. In such cases a postage-stamp should be sent, to cover the cost of forwarding the answer from this office.—Payment will not be required for a single insertion, but when an advertisement is repeated, each additional insertion will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.]

12.—Miscellaneous works of Horace Greeley; any magazines or papers containing his articles; or a file of the New York Weekly Tribune. Will exchange books for above, or will pay cash. Box 2089, Kansas City, Mo.

13.—Al. M. Hendee, 116 W. Washington St., South Bend, Ind., would like to hear from any one who has a copy of Ray's Poems to sell or exchange.

16.—Ireland's 'Records of the New York Stage from 1750 to 1860,' 2 vols. N. Y. 1860. Large paper edition (only sixty copies issued). Uncut, unbound, stitched, in box as issued to subscribers. Very scarce. For sale. Address A. P.

## HENRY HOLT & CO.

HAVE READY:

MRS. ALEXANDER'S

The Admiral's Ward.

16mo (Leisure Hour Series), \$1. In Leisure Moment Series, 40 cents.

Gideon Fleyce.

By H. W. Lucy. 16mo (Leisure Hour Series) \$1. In Leisure Moment Series, 30 cents.

### The Epic of Kings.

Stories Retold from Firdusi. By HELEN ZIMMERMAN. With a Prefatory Poem by Edmund W. Gosse. 12mo, \$2.50.

"The book is charming from beginning to end. A notable addition to the libraries of those who care to honor the great classics of the world."

### Yale Lectures on Preaching.

Delivered to the Students of Theology at Yale College. By Pres. E. G. ROBINSON, of Brown University. 12mo, \$1.25.

### Evolution and Christianity.

By J. F. YORKE. 12mo, \$1.50.

### GOSSE'S

#### On Viol and Flute.

Selected Poems by EDMUND W. GOSSE. Square 12mo, \$1.75.

#### Sibylline Leaves.

By A. E. M. K. 16mo, cloth, gilt, \$2.

"The most attractive manual for fortune-telling that has appeared for a long time."—CHRISTIAN UNION.

### TEN BRINK'S

#### Early English Literature.

Translated by Prof. WM. KENNEDY. Large 12mo, \$2.25.

## WALKER'S

## Political Economy.

By FRANCIS A. WALKER, President Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Large 12mo, \$2.25.

## BROWNING'S

## Lyrical and Dramatic Poems.

Selected from his Works by E. T. MASON. Square 12mo, \$2.

## English Colonies in America.

By J. A. DOYLE. 8vo, \$3.50.

Stationery and  
Engraving Department.

## G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS,

27 & 29 West 23d St., New York,

Invite special attention to their very attractive stock of

### Fine Writing Papers

FOR THE  
*Spring Season.*

Many varieties of these papers are made specially for Messrs. Putnam's trade, and they offer in addition to the New Spring Tints, a very choice supply of

## Pure Linen

AND

## Ragged Edge Papers.

Their Engraving Department is very complete, and being under their immediate supervision they are enabled to execute orders for every description of

### Designing, Engraving, Stamping, and Illuminating,

promptly, in an artistic manner, and at moderate prices.

\*A competent clerk will call at any address in the city, when desired, with samples of Engraving and Stationery.

27 and 29 West 23d St., New York.

READY IN APRIL.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES,  
POET, LITTERATEUR, AND SCIENTIST.

By WILLIAM S. KENNEDY. Uniform in size with the "Life of Whittier." 1 vol., 12mo, cloth, \$1.50.

The respect and love in which Mr. Holmes is held by so large a majority of the American people will create readers for Mr. Kennedy's most excellent work.

## The History and Uses of Limestones and Marbles.

By S. M. BURNHAM. Illustrated with 48 chromo-lithographs of marbles, many of them antique, and not accessible to the general public. Cloth, uncut, 8vo, \$6.

LATE BOOKS.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. His Life, Genius, and Writings. \$1.50.

GOETHE'S WORKS. 5 vols., 12mo, \$7.50.

KINGSLEY'S NATURALIST'S ASSISTANT.

RAWLINSON'S ANCIENT EGYPT. 2 vols., \$6.

FERGUSON'S ARCHITECTURE. 2 vols., \$14.

BROOK'S INVERTEBRATE ZOOLOGY. \$3.

S. E. CASSINO & CO., Publishers 33 Hawley St., BOSTON.

## ROGERS' GROUPS.

Average Price, \$15.



Height, 21 1/4 in., Length of base, 9 1/4 in., Depth from front of base, 9 1/4 in. Weight when packed, 60 lbs. Price, \$15.

**Rip Van Winkle on the Mountain.**—Hearing his name called, he hastened down the mountain, while "Wolf bristled up his back," and looked "fearfully down the glen." They met a "short, square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion—a cloth jerkin strapped around the waist, several pairs of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the side, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and help him with the load."

These groups are packed, without extra charge, to go to any part of the world, and their safe arrival guaranteed. If intended for Wedding or Holiday Presents, they will be forwarded promptly as directed. Illustrated catalogues can be had on application, or will be mailed by inclosing Ten Cents to

JOHN ROGERS, 23 Union Square, New York.

Visitors are always welcome.

JUST READY.

## DAYS WITH GREAT AUTHORS.

Choice Selections from Charles Dickens, Sir Walter Scott, W. M. Thackeray, and Douglas Jerrold. With Biographical Sketches by Blanchard Jerrold. With new and original illustrations. 1 vol., 8vo, \$2.

DIXIE (LADY FLORENCE).  
ACROSS PATAGONIA.

With numerous fine illustrations from sketches by Julius Beerbohm, engraved by Whymper and Pearson. 8vo, cloth, extra gilt, \$1.50.

THE WAR BETWEEN CHILE AND  
PERU, 1879-82.

By CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM. 1 vol., cloth extra, \$2.50.

## TEMPEST TOSSED.

A Romance. By THEODORE TILTON. New and revised edition. Cloth, \$1.50.

R. WORTHINGTON, 770 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Owing to the scarcity of bound  
copies of

## VOL. I. OF THE CRITIC,

the Publishers have been obliged to  
raise the price to \$10 a copy.

Bound copies of Vol. II. may be had for  
\$5 a piece.

The publishers of THE CRITIC would be glad to hear from any one who has a copy of No. 3, 29, 30, 33, or 35 of THE CRITIC, with which he would be willing to part.

## LETTERS AND MEMORIALS

OF

## JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

PREPARED FOR PUBLICATION

By THOMAS CARLYLE.

Edited by JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

2 vols., 8vo, with portrait, \$4.

Public interest in the married life of Thomas Carlyle has been stimulated to a high pitch by the revelations of the REMINISCENCES and Mr. Froude's biography, but it is to be still further gratified by THE LETTERS OF MRS. CARLYLE, prepared for publication by Mr. Carlyle, and now published with the editorial supervision of Mr. Froude in accordance with the instructions of Mr. Carlyle. These letters, however, as was well known, possess a much higher interest and charm than as mere disclosures of the daily life and habits of the Carlyles. They contain the record of the life and associations of one of the most sensitive and brilliant of women; her correspondence with Stirling and other men of letters, whom Carlyle's influence and the attraction of his genius brought around him, and the letters which she wrote to Carlyle himself during their frequent separations. Every sentence is sharply cut and stamped with the impress of a strong individuality—displaying a keen, bright, affectionate nature; gay, witty, sarcastic, bitter, pathetic, passionate by turns. Seldom in the records of literature has a character so full of fascination and originality been so completely disclosed.

\*For sale by all booksellers, or will be sent, post-paid, upon receipt of price, by

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS,  
743 and 745 Broadway, New York.

2300 ordered in advance of publication.

## THE ACORN SERIES.

A NEW LOVE STORY OF THE WAR.

By the Author of "ANDERSONVILLE," etc.

## THE RED ACORN,

By JOHN McELROY, Esq.,

Editor Toledo Blade.

12mo, 322 pages, cloth, black and gold side and back stamps, \$1.

A fascinating war story, dealing with real flesh-and-blood people, in style vividly realistic, and so wide a departure from the conventional novel that it cannot help attracting widespread attention. Its scenes are laid in Ohio, Kentucky, and Tennessee during the war, and will prove very exciting reading to lovers of historical fiction.

The publishers have spared no expense in getting up this book, and it will be found to excel their other popular publications in every respect.

Order at once of the publishers, or of your bookseller. Mailed on receipt of price by

HENRY A. SUMNER & CO.,

205 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

IN PRESS, HAMMOCK SERIES, No. 5:

"A FAIR PLEBEIAN."